HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXIII.—No. 1170.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1879. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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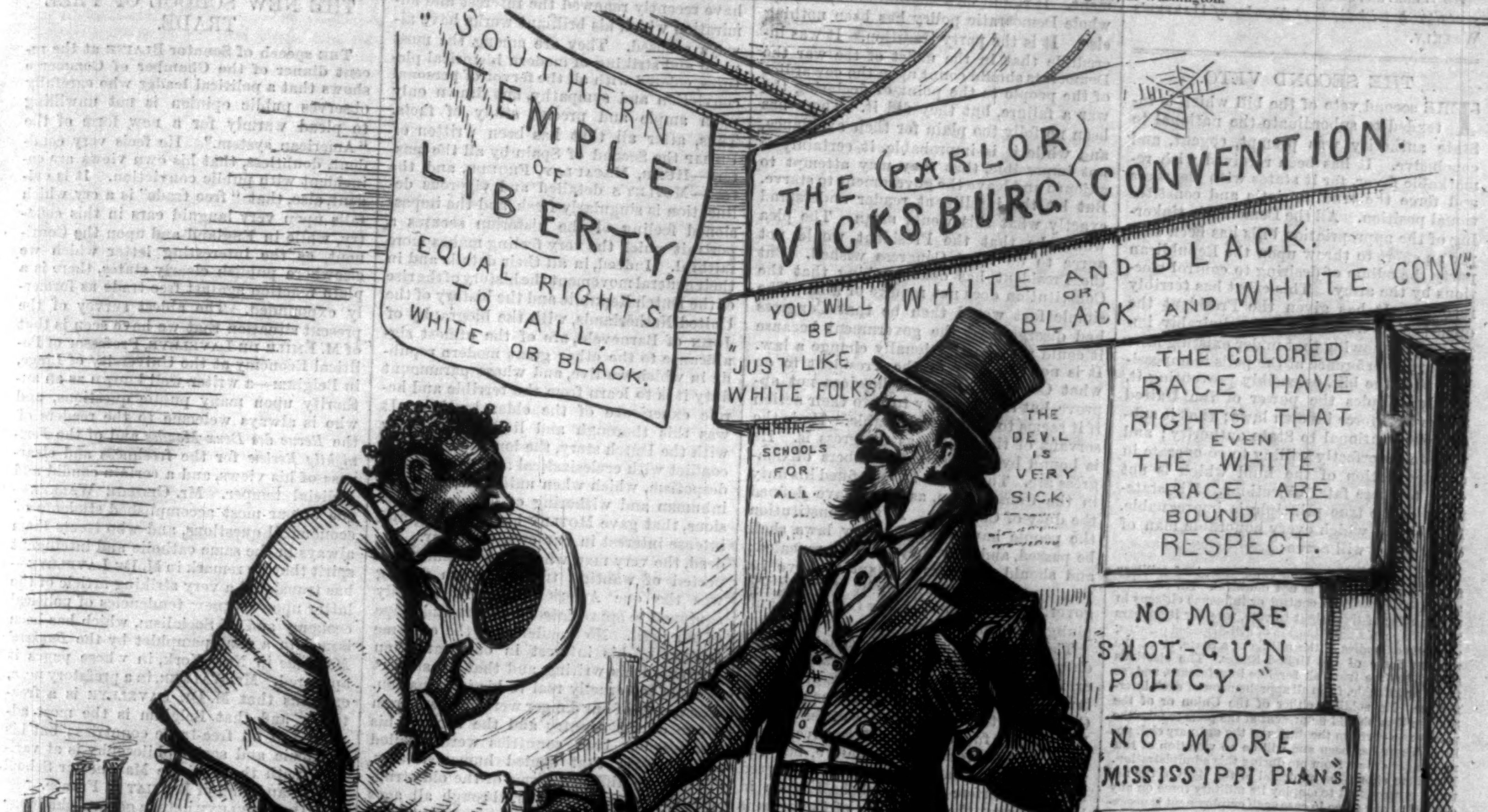
"SOUTHERN TEMPLE OF LIBERTY. EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL, WHITE OR BLACK.
THE (PARLOR) VICKSBURG CONVENTION.
WHITE AND BLACK. OR BLACK AND WHITE CONV.N
YOU WILL BE "JUST LIKE WHITE FOLKS"
SCHOOLS FOR ALL.
THE DEVIL IS VERY SICK.
THE COLORED RACE HAVE RIGHTS THAT EVEN THE WHITE RACE ARE BOUND TO RESPECT.
NO MORE "SHOT-GUN POLICY."
NO MORE "MISSISSIPPI PLANS"
NO MORE KU-KLUX CAMPAIGNS.
NO MORE WHITE-LEAGUE INTIMIDATION.
NO MORE SOUTHERN BAYONETS AT THE POLLS.
MORE RED-SHIRT AND TISSUE-PAPER ELECTIONS.
PLEDGES RESOLUTIONS.
Th. Nast.

ANOTHER STEP TOWARD CIVILIZATION.

MR. SOLID BRUTUS. "Why, Mr. Exode Cæsar, you are a MAN and a BROTHER after all. So step into my parlor."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, May 31, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a double-page engraving showing the method of signaling with the Heliograph, sketches of Afghan chiefs, and other interesting features.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE SECOND VETO.

THE second veto of the bill which is intended to subordinate the national to State authority was prompt, cogent, and conclusive. It has been received with remarkable favor, for it states with clearness and force the true patriotic and constitutional position. All the Democratic tinkering of the appropriation bills has been simply an effort to throw upon the Republican party the odium of desiring to control elections by the army. This effort has terribly recoiled. It has given the President the opportunity, which he has admirably improved, of showing that under existing laws military interference at the polls is impossible; that the bill, ostensibly preventing it, fatally cripples the power of the United States to enforce its own laws; that it subordinates national to State authority; and that he is perfectly willing to co-operate in any legislation of the kind which is not open to these fatal objections. His statement of the true principle is impregnable. It is one in which every honorable man of every party will agree:

> "The true rule as to the employment of military force at the elections is not doubtful. No coercion should be allowed to control or influence citizens in the exercise of their right to vote, whether it appears in the shape of a combination of evil-disposed persons, or of armed bodies of the militia of a State, or of the military force of the United States. The elections should be free from all forcible interference, and, as far as practicable, from all apprehension of such interference. No soldiers, either of the Union or of the State militia, should be present at the polls to take the place or to perform the duties of the ordinary civil police. There has been and will be no violation of this rule under orders from me during this administration. But there should be no denial of the right of the national government to employ its military force on any day and at any place in case such employment is necessary to enforce the Constitution and laws of the United States."

This is the substance of the substitute which was offered in the House by Mr. Robeson, and defeated by Democratic votes. The final result, therefore, of the contest, in which it was the Democratic hope to leave the Republican as the party of military interference with elections, is to leave the Democratic as the party of the doctrine of secession, so that in the debate Senator Hill, of Georgia, actually complimented the Copperheads as the true saviors of the Union. The extra session which was forced by the Democrats will turn out to be very costly to them. It has revealed the Democratic party as the champion of State sovereignty as against the Union, and as toying with revolution upon an utterly false cry. It has united the Republican party enthusiastically in defense of the principle which was established by the war. It has given the Republicans a patriotic, constitutional, and conservative platform, upon which all intelligent citizens will gladly stand, and it has immensely increased the deep and general apprehension of the consequences of Democratic success.

It is one of the extraordinary events in our history that the Democratic leaders in Congress should have supposed, as they evidently did, that the loyal people of the United States did not understand their own victory in the civil war. For seventy years there had been a question of the nature of the national authority. The Southern doctrine was that it could have really no final and forcible assertion in a State except by the consent of the State. The point could not be settled, and the war followed. That settled it, at least for a generation. The war established the supremacy of the constitutional national authority every where and always within the Union. It did not overthrow the States, but it destroyed utterly the fallacy that the States could subordinate the national power to their will. Yet this principle, established at such terrible cost of life and money, the Democratic leaders in Congress seem to have supposed the people would quietly surrender under an indirect menace. They know, and the Democratic newspapers know, that military interference with elections is impossible under the laws; but they wished to extort a confession that if a State connived at the overthrow of national rights within its borders, the national government could not help itself. The vetoes have undeceived them. No such confession will ever be made by a Republican Administration, and the challenge has thoroughly aroused the country.

WHAT NEXT?

Party spirit is very powerful, and it is now to be seen whether the Democratic fire-eaters in Congress and in the press can lash their party into fury, and carry out the threat of Messrs. Thurman and Beck and Blackburn to adjourn without making the necessary appropriations for the government. It would be a mad blunder; but the whole Democratic policy has been nothing else. It is the party tradition. It was incredible that in the midst of the war the Democrats should count upon the cowardice of the people to the point of declaring the war a failure, but they did it. There has been no folly too plain for their avoidance, and while it is improbable, it certainly is not impossible, that they may attempt to adjourn and leave the government to starve. But let the intelligent reader understand exactly what this would mean. The plea would be that the President would not agree to do what Congress wished. But the President has done nothing that the Constitution does not require of him. The simple fact would then be that Congress had disorganized the government because it could not constitutionally change a law. It is not the duty of the President to do what Congress wishes if he does not approve, but it is his duty to veto their action if it seems to him objectionable. He is the servant of the people, as Congress is. He is bound by his oath, as members of Congress are. The people have defined his duty in the Constitution, as they have defined the duty of Congress. In the Constitution the people have provided how laws shall be passed, and how they shall be repealed; and should Congress attempt to have its way over the Constitution by starving the government, it would betray the people and plunge the country into anarchy.

The President in doing his constitutional duty is not asserting his own personal power, for he has none. He is asserting the lawful power of the people. He as much as Congress is the representative of the people. His official functions are executive, while those of Congress are legislative, but the people, in the Constitution, have instructed him to interfere in their behalf when in his judgment the legislation of Congress is prejudicial to their welfare; and on the other hand, they have authorized one House of Congress to impeach and the other to try the President if, in the judgment of the House of Representatives, he violates his duty. If, therefore, by his late vetoes the President has violated his duty, let the House impeach him. If it has no reason for impeaching him, it confesses that he has not violated his duty; and on what plea will it disorganize the government, when by its own admission the President has done only his duty? If Congress believes that military interference at the polls is possible under existing laws—although it is notoriously impossible—it may rightfully vote to change the law. But if the change be vetoed, it can be made constitutionally only by a two-thirds vote. If that fails, there is no constitutional way of changing the law but by appealing to the country, and securing a constitutional majority to overcome the veto. This, of course, is the legitimate course. The "starving" policy is practically revolutionary.

Should the evil genius of the Democratic party persuade it to this course, there is no doubt whatever of the judgment of the country. The "regulation" Democratic cry would be, "No bayonets at the polls." But happily neither the "regulation" Democratic nor Republican cries carry the country. It is the patriotic and intelligent and independent class of voters which now gives the victory to one side and now to the other; and how that class would vote upon such a question as this is not in the least doubtful. The first effect of stopping the supplies—that is to say, of refusing authority to the Treasury to pay out money—would be to shut up in the Treasury a vast part of the money of the country, which is constantly paid in for duties, and preventing its circulation. The poor man, the laboring-man, as usual, would feel the pressure first, and he would see the cause plainly in the refusal of Congress to grant authority to pay it out. He would be quite shrewd enough, also, to see that Congress had prohibited the circulation of money among the people because it could not change a law constitutionally. All this wretched business, which has thoroughly disgusted the country, honorable Democrats and Republicans alike, is the first performance of a Congress Democratic in both branches. If there were also a Democratic Executive, we should have seen the remarkable spectacle of the first Administration after the war which was controlled by the late Copperheads and late rebels striking at the army of the United States in a bill founded upon the doctrine of secession, and defended by the same arguments that Jefferson Davis urged to justify rebellion. This is a fact which should go very far toward the indefinite postponement of a Democratic restoration.

THE NEW EDITION OF MOTLEY'S HISTORIES.

The death of Mr. Motley, and the delightful memoir of him by Dr. Holmes, have recently renewed the interest and admiration which his brilliant works have always aroused. They are among the most vivid and striking of modern historical pictures, colored with all the fervor of personal conviction and sympathy, but drawn only upon ample and precise study of facts. Thus, after all that has been written of Philip the Second of Spain by all the masters—Hume, Macaulay, Froude, and the rest—Motley's detailed and vigorous delineation is singularly fresh, and the impassioned feeling of the historian secures a portrait which the very feeling makes more faithful. Indeed, in all their details and in their general movement the history of the rise of the Dutch Republic and the history of the United Netherlands, with the biography of John of Barneveld, are of the utmost significance to the other great modern republic in which we live, and whose paramount duty it is to learn from the terrible and heroic experience of the elder brother. It was this thorough and living familiarity with the Dutch story, the long and wasting conflict with ecclesiastical and monarchical despotism, which when united are the most inhuman and withering of human oppressions, that gave Motley his absorbing and intense interest in our own civil war. Indeed, the very man who was sometimes suspected of wanting true American feeling was the one American most thoroughly equipped to appreciate the nature and scope of our peril. No wonder that the extreme tension of his interest in our war often prevented his writing, and that his subject became too cruelly real to his imagination. The causes of our danger were different from those of the country and the time of his studies, but both countries were assailed by a power that denied human liberty. They were different forms of the old struggle, the moral of which, through all ages and in all lands, in our own country to-day as in that of William of Orange three centuries ago, is that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

There has been always one regret in connection with Motley's histories—a regret wholly independent of him and his work—and that is the cost of the series. A valuable historical work is the result of the expense of so much time and labor that the price of the book is necessarily large. Historians, also, are workmen worthy of their hire, and usually needing it. The histories of Motley were published in the usual handsome form, each work in several volumes, involving, of course, considerable outlay to the buyer. The publishers (Messrs. Harper) have now begun the issue of a new series, which, it seems to us, is handsomer and more convenient than the original form. The first of the series, just issued, is *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, in three exceedingly neat and comely volumes, in a box, sold at six dollars. *The History of the United Netherlands* and *John of Barneveld* will follow in order, so that the entire series can now be obtained at a very reasonable price. Those to whom the books are not familiar will find in them the charm of a powerful and passionate romance. For if the story of the emotional life of two or three persons is interesting, what must not be that of the life of a great people, stirred and swayed by the most fiery feelings, inspiring the noblest heroic endurance, and the sublimest self-sacrifice? If those American public men among whom, being themselves ignorant, it is the fashion to sneer at book-learning, would make themselves familiar with the history of the Dutch Republic, their patriotism would be a thousand times more powerful, their love of liberty infinitely more practically efficient, by their increased knowledge both of the mighty contest that liberty has waged elsewhere, and of the heroes and statesmen who have served her. Ignorant little men used to sneer at Charles Sumner as a historical pedant. Charles Sumner had under his little finger-nail more reasons for his patriotic faith than they in their whole bodies, and while they groped among *a priori* assertions and appeals, he drew from his vast magazines of knowledge precedent after precedent in the legislation of liberty to satisfy the natural demand of a free legislature. A course of Motley diligently taken by all American legislators would be of signal service to the country.

The new edition is uniform with that of Macaulay's *England*, already issued; and the whole series, which will include Hume and others, will be the handsomest and most desirable historical library published in the country. The form is convenient, the page broad and well-proportioned, the type clear and handsome, and the volumes not too large to hold with ease. It is a worthy setting of the admirable works of Motley, and as we turn the pages we can feel the energy of that chivalric and earnest spirit throbbing along the lines, nor wonder that the Dutch patriots feel that their story has been adequately told only by an American.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF FREE TRADE.

The speech of Senator Blaine at the recent dinner of the Chamber of Commerce shows that a political leader who carefully observes public opinion is not unwilling to plead warmly for a new form of the "American system." He feels very confident, doubtless, that his own views are coincident with public conviction. It is evident, also, that "free trade" is a cry which falls upon very languid ears in this country, while in England and upon the Continent, as the interesting letter which we elsewhere publish clearly states, there is a plain reaction against free trade as formerly expounded. The ablest survey of the present situation that we have seen is that of M. Émile de Laveleye, Professor of Political Economy at the University of Liege, in Belgium—a writer well known as an authority upon many public questions, and who is always welcome to the readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and of the *Fortnightly Review* for the freshness and clearness of his views, and a certain candid and judicial temper. Mr. George Walker—one of our most accomplished students of economical questions, and who treats them always in the same catholic and intelligent spirit that we remark in M. De Laveleye—has translated a very striking article of the latter upon the new tendencies of political economy and of Socialism, which has been issued in a neat pamphlet by the *Bankers' Magazine* in New York, in whose pages it appeared. Mr. Walker, in a prefatory note, explains that M. De Laveleye is a free-trader, and that Belgium is the most advanced of all free-trade countries; but his economic and social philosophy is at variance with those of the Manchester School in England, and of Bastiat in France.

M. De Laveleye notes a general challenge of this school by those whom he calls the "Socialists of the Chair" in Germany; by students of history and law, like Thornton and Cliff Leslie in England; by a distinguished group of writers in Italy and in Denmark; so that he finds signs of a general revolution. The Manchester doctrine he thinks is embodied in a phrase of Gournay's in the last century, *laissez faire, laissez passer*—a phrase which Carlyle contemptuously satirizes in his French Revolution. The new school begins its criticism of the old by questioning its postulate that man acts under the control of a single motive—self-interest; and instead of deducing economic laws from "general and constant facts of human nature," the realistic or new method founds itself upon the facts of experience. It is, in fact, the experimental as opposed to the transcendental system. It has no such horror of the State as the old school cherishes, holding that while individual liberty should be stimulated and respected, the rules of morality and justice should be made obligatory by the state. Here, as it seems to us, the Roman Catholic predilections and traditions of M. De Laveleye make themselves felt. But the chief criticism of the new school is that the old occupies itself too exclusively with questions concerning the production of wealth, neglecting those which relate to its distribution and consumption. It has treated man rather as a producing agent than as a moral and intelligent being. Now the great question of the time is the social question, that is, the question of distribution. Labor seeks a larger share of the joint product of capital and labor. Within what limits and under what conditions is this possible? To invoke the action of liberty as a solution is idle, because the question at issue is one of law, of the civil code, and of social organization. "Economic problems can not justly be considered apart from other things; they are allied intimately with psychology, with religion, with morality, with law, with customs, with history. Account should, therefore, be taken of all these elements, and we should not rest contented with the uniform and superficial formula of *laissez faire*."

We do not propose to follow M. De Laveleye in his consideration of what he thinks to be the fallacies and the incompleteness of the old school. We wish only to call attention to a very striking and thoughtful contribution to the discussion of a question so vital by a writer who holds that political economy is truly a moral science, and that its treatment hitherto has omitted such questions as whether distribution now takes place in the way most favorable to the progress of humanity and to the general welfare; whether consumption is conformable to moral laws; whether there should not be less hardship among some classes and less luxury among others; whether we have not economic duties to fulfill. If political economy merely describes how riches are produced, distributed, and consumed, and has nothing to do with what ought to be the method, it will very nearly have done its work in countries like England, the Netherlands, and Switzerland, which have adopted free trade and free competition. But M. De Laveleye favors the higher range, the broader scope of inquiry of the newer school, which now calls the science that of National Economy, as involving considerations of a kind which have been hitherto disregarded. It is an exceedingly interesting pamphlet, admirably translated, and it is well worthy the attention of every student of politics in the largest sense.

THE "NEGRO QUESTION" IN VIRGINIA.

We considered last week the letter of a Louisiana planter upon the "negro question." We have also a line from "A Virginia Scalawag" upon the same subject from another point of view. He incloses some suggestive statements about the colored people as real-estate owners, from the *Public Ledger*, of Norfolk, which he describes as one of the fairest Democratic papers in Virginia:

> "In 1870 there were the names of twenty-six colored owners of real estate on the land book, the value of their property being placed at $21,150. In 1878 the number had increased to one hundred and forty-one, and the value to $114,530. Most of those who are assessed have only one house and lot, valued at from $500 to $800, but there are several who own two and even three houses. The largest owner of real estate is assessed for $5325, and is the happy possessor of eight pieces. The result of the investigation shows that the surplus earnings of many of the colored people are used to provide homes for their families, and that they are also placing their money in real estate for safe investment. The improvement of the negroes in the matter of education keeps pace with their desire to accumulate wealth, and there are now hundreds of colored families in Norfolk where the daily papers are regularly taken and eagerly read. It must be borne in mind that between the years mentioned the failure of the Freedmen's Bank occurred, and that a large number of those people lost their all by that catastrophe. There are, however, a number of colored persons who at present have various sums of money deposited in the city banks. In addition to other improvements of the colored people, we noted that they are more tolerant toward each other in political matters than formerly. At the meeting held a few nights since sentiments were uttered which a few years ago would have caused the speakers to be hooted at, and probably violently dealt with."

The "scalawag" adds:

> "In view of the fact that this statement has reference only to property within the corporation, and ignores the large quantity owned in like manner just outside the corporate limits, and the like large amount which they are accumulating on the installment plan, but which will not appear in their names on the records till fully paid for, it is not a bad showing for a population of, say, 9000, and that, too, where the industries in which they can engage are very limited. This statement is but a small concession of their great steps forward."

These are the facts which prove what we have often alleged, and what seems to us to be undeniable, that, upon the whole, and in consideration of all the circumstances, bulldozing, tissue ballots, etc., all conceded, the present situation in the late Slave States is very much better and more encouraging than could have been anticipated. It is simply amazing, therefore, when it is so plainly demonstrated by experience that the peace and prosperity of these States are assured the moment that they win the confidence of the new citizens, that such an order as the following should be issued, and, so far as appears, not revoked, in New Orleans. It has been served upon fifty colored clergymen.

> *To the Preacher of —— Church, on —— Street:*
> Your attention is called to the following order:
> "Office Chief of Police, *April* 22, 1879.
> "*To all Stations:*
> "Commanding officers are hereby instructed to notify the preachers of the various colored churches in your precinct that services whenever held must terminate at 10 o'clock P.M. Under no circumstances must they be allowed to hold services after that hour. Affidavits must be made against preachers violating this order for disturbing the peace. By order of the Mayor. T. N. Boylan, Chief of Police."

Our correspondent, the Louisiana planter, may see in this order, and not in the reconstruction laws, the real spirit from which the "misery" of the situation springs. It does not need "superstition and credulity" to read in such an order the spirit of a tyranny which naturally produces an "exodus" of its victims.

WHAT REFORM HAS GAINED UNDER THIS ADMINISTRATION.

We have been asked frequently why it is not perfectly easy to evade the apparent requirements of the civil service examinations at the Custom-house and Post-office, and select from the three persons who are eligible at each examination under the rules for appointment the one who has been urged by the strongest influence. There is, no doubt, an almost invincible incredulity upon the subject; and it is almost impossible to believe that a letter from Secretary This or Senator That, or a deputation of a ward association, or a party committee, will not secure an appointment despite the examination. But this is merely asking again whether there is entire good faith. Upon that point there can be no question, as we personally know, and a moment's reflection will show the doubter that the mischief he supposes is not practicable.

Every applicant whose application conforms to the prescribed form is duly registered. A bushel of letters does no more than secure the entry of his name in order, and the applicants are summoned for examination in groups of twenty or more in the order of registration. At the examination they are known only by the numbers of their desks. Their papers are carefully and honestly considered, and rated strictly according to their own showing. The three standing highest in the order of excellence, as shown by the examination, are thus indicated. Their names are then ascertained, and the three are reported to the appointing power, which selects one at its discretion, and can not, under the rules, select any other. Now, assuming all this to be done in good faith, and of that we have personal knowledge, how can "influence" or "pressure" affect the result? Suppose A to be a powerful politician who wishes to have B appointed to a good place because he can always carry his "deestrick," and who wishes it to be done, too, without "going to school," or any durned nonsense of that kind. He brings his *protégé* to the Custom-house, for instance, or to the Post-office, and he writes his letter, and tells the Postmaster or the Collector that "his man *must* have a place." His man's name goes upon the list. In due time and order he is summoned. He receives a card with the number of his desk upon it. He finishes his papers. They are honestly examined and rated, and he is not among the three at the head of the list. If there be good faith throughout—and that we know—of what use is the letter of the powerful politician, and how and where is there any juggle, or swindle, or fraud of any kind? Those who have not the slightest knowledge of the facts remark, with a smile, that it is all a fraud. The truth is, that in the Custom-house, which has been considered to be especially the seat of the evil system, appointments and promotions to the places included in the rules—and they are the great mass of places—are made solely upon the proved merit of the applicants, and the most powerful influence has no weight whatever.

It has been a very popular fashion to sneer at the "reforms" of this Administration. Let us see. Is it nothing that the Executive absolutely declines Congressional dictation in appointments, and that members of Congress understand it? Is it nothing that the monstrous party extortion called "voluntary contributions" for elections has been practically abolished, so far as the Administration is concerned? Is it nothing that in the two great public offices in New York—the Custom-house and the Post-office—appointments and promotions are uniformly made upon ascertained merit, and not by personal or political favor? These things have been done, and it is no answer to say that other things have not been done. They are done, not, indeed, by a law of Congress, but by Executive choice, and they are immense gains to the cause of better politics, because they demonstrate clearly the perfect practicability of a sound system. The evil of our civil service has not been, as in England, its incapacity. It has been its system of appointment and removal, the tenure of office, which has been such as to demoralize character and to degrade politics by making it a vast and fierce contest for spoils and plunder which endangers the government itself. The only way to remedy the evil is to strike at the root, which is patronage: to appoint, that is to say, by proved fitness, and not by personal favor. Any scheme whatever which baffles mere influence is a great gain. The advantage of the scheme which has been adopted in the offices of the Collector and the Postmaster is that not only does it baffle influence, but it determines apparent merit, and that determination is approved or disproved by actual experience in the position. The Administration of General Grant made a sincere inquiry into the subject. The Administration of Mr. Hayes is making at these New York offices a sincere trial of an honest and thorough method.

PERSONAL.

Sir John Lubbock, M.P., the distinguished naturalist, was quite outspoken a few days since in the House of Commons, stating that it could not be disguised that England was in a critical condition. Her manufactures were languishing, her trade checked, her farmers suffering. England could not hope for a revival of happier and more prosperous times until she returned to a policy of economy and peace.

—General Pemberton, who surrendered Vicksburg to Grant, has become a resident of Philadelphia, and petitioned Congress for relief from political disabilities. He will soon publish a sharp attack on General J. E. Johnston, of Virginia, who, he thinks, has misrepresented and injured him in official statements concerning the military operations of the rebellion.

—One of the first persons Mr. L. Bradford Prince met in Washington, after his appointment as Chief Justice of New Mexico, was Miss Slough, the daughter of an ex-Chief Justice of the Territory. On his way to the Territory, Mr. Prince took a seat alongside of a fine-looking man, who also proved to be from New Mexico. After a long conversation, Mr. Prince mentioned his meeting with the ex-Chief Justice's daughter, and asked his companion if Colonel Slough was living. "No," replied the stranger; "I killed him." The statement was true.

—Colonel Thomas A. Scott is president of seven railways, owned or leased by the Pennsylvania Central. His salary from all aggregates about $100,000, of which the P. C. pays about one-fourth.

—Lord Harris, who has just arrived in this country with his team of cricketers, is twenty-eight years old, and comes of a family that has had a trifle of American experience. His great-grandfather commanded a British regiment at Bunker Hill, where he was seriously wounded. In 1788 he went to India, and in 1798 achieved the famous victory over Tippoo Sahib at Seringapatam, for which he received the thanks of Parliament, and was made a peer.

—Matthew Vassar, Jun., is about to build and endow a home for old men at Poughkeepsie.

—William Marshall, of Glasgow, who died May 3, has left $1,000,000 to found in Glasgow an institution bearing his name.

—Mr. A. A. Hayes, Jun., a well-known journalist and *littérateur* of this city, recently delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture on "Modern Ocean Highways," before the American Geographical Society. The large audience gathered in Chickering Hall listened with close attention to the lecturer's exposition of his subject, which was illustrated by fifty stereopticon views.

—At the annual meeting of the corporation of the Metropolitan Museum of Art it was announced that the services as director of General Di Cesnola had been secured, and it is believed that this selection will prove most advantageous to the institution. All the art treasures have been safely transferred to the new building in the Central Park; and now the trustees are making earnest efforts to secure the Avery collection of Oriental porcelain.

—Mr. Charles Hallock, who is the author of several books on field-sports, and the editor and founder of *Forest and Stream*, the well-known sportsman's journal, has just issued a fifth edition of his *Sportsman's Gazetteer and General Guide*, a most complete encyclopedia of 921 pages. This work has become a standard authority on all subjects of which it treats; besides, it is indorsed by leading scientists. It has already been republished in England, France, and Germany.

—In the death of Mr. Charles Henry Pulham the New York *Times* has lost a conscientious and faithful servant, and the journalists of this city a warm-hearted and generous associate and friend. Mr. Pulham was the son of a gentleman farmer of Frome, Somersetshire, England, and was educated for the Church. He never took holy orders, however, but came to this city in 1870, and entered on the work of a daily newspaper reporter. Nearly six years ago, when but twenty-five years of age, he was made city editor of the *Times*—a position which he held with honor until he died. He was formerly president, and always an active member, of the New York Press Club, and was also Master of Una Lodge, No. 773, F. and A. M. He was a great favorite wherever he was known, and his loss will be sincerely mourned by many.

—The New York *Tribune* says: "The negro exodus now in progress was not unforeseen by careful and intelligent observers of events in the Southern States. So long ago as 1871 President Grant, in conversation with the Hon. Andrew D. White—who, it will be remembered, was a member of the commission appointed to visit San Domingo and inquire as to the desirability of the purchase and annexation of the island—expressed the opinion that the course pursued by the Southern whites toward the negroes would eventually drive the latter to emigration; and the principal argument in his mind in favor of annexation was the advantages San Domingo would offer in such a case for colonization. President Grant was very positive in his belief that the social and political condition of the South made such a result inevitable, and also that nothing short of a general movement of the blacks such as he anticipated, and as has apparently recently begun, would bring the people of the South to their senses, and teach them the necessity of cultivating amicable relations with the class upon whose labor they are so dependent for their own prosperity and comfort."

—"Horse talk," when on a large scale, is always interesting, because every sensible man and woman in the world likes a fine horse. The first man in the country to pay an excessively fancy price for a trotter was Mr. Robert Bonner, who gave Mr. George Alley $15,000 for Dexter. Mr. Bonner afterward gave $33,000 for Cooley, $45,000 for Pocahontas, $20,000 for Startle, and $15,000 for Grafton. Large as these sums aggregate, they have been exceeded by Mr. Henry N. Smith, who has probably paid more money for trotters than any man living. He paid for Lady Thorn, $30,000; for Goldsmith Maid, $35,000; for Lucy, $25,000; for Jay Gould, $35,000. Gould he bought of Fisk, George Hall, and Jay Gould. They owned the horse, having bought him from a New Bedford party when his name was Judge Brigham. Tattler he bought of A. J. Alexander for $17,000; General Knox he paid $10,000 for; Rosalind cost him $13,000; Socrates, $26,000; Idol, $7500; Western Girl, $1000; Martha Nutwood, $1500. Daisy Burns he traded Harry Harley for with Commodore Vanderbilt; she stood him in $3500. What does all that foot up? $204,500 exactly. Goldsmith Maid was on the go, in the cars, for thirteen years, from one end of the country to the other, travelling over a hundred thousand miles, always taking her regular rest on the cars as if in her box stall. She has netted to her owner over $75,000, after paying all her expenses and giving Budd Doble one-half.

—Mr. Justin M'Carthy's *History of Our Own Times*, just issued in "Harper's Franklin Square Library," for twenty cents, contains a number of brief sketches of past and contemporaneous celebrities admirably and concisely drawn. This, of Mr. Bright, is very well done: "He was, what Mr. Cobden was not—an orator of the very highest class. It is doubtful whether English public life has ever produced a man who possessed more of the qualifications of a great orator than Mr. Bright. He had a commanding presence—not, indeed, the stately and colossal form of O'Connell, but a massive figure, a large head, a handsome and expressive face. His voice was powerful, resonant, clear, with a peculiar vibration in it which lent unspeakable effect to any passages of pathos or of scorn. His style of speaking was exactly what a conventional demagogue's ought not to be. It was pure to austerity; it was stripped of all superfluous ornament. It never gushed or foamed. It never allowed itself to be mastered by passion. The first peculiarity that struck the listener was its superb self-restraint. The orator at his most powerful passages appeared as if he were rather keeping in his strength than taxing it with effort. His voice for the most part was calm and measured; he hardly ever indulged in much gesticulation. He never, under the pressure of whatever emotion, shouted or stormed. The fire of his eloquence was a white heat, intense, consuming, but never sparkling or sputtering. He had an admirable gift of humor, and a keen ironical power. He had read few books, but of those he read he was a master. The English Bible and Milton were his chief studies."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The Senate, on the 9th inst., by a vote of 33 to 23, passed the House bill forbidding military interference at the polls. On the 12th, President Hayes vetoed the bill, and on the 13th an attempt was made in the House to pass it over the veto, but less than two-thirds voting for it—127 to 97—the measure failed. On the 12th, a motion to pass an army appropriation bill pure and simple was rejected in the House by 101 to 109. The same day a motion to suspend the rules and pass an income-tax bill was defeated by 104 to 94, or less than two-thirds in the affirmative.—On the 13th, the Senate discussed that clause of the Legislative Appropriation Bill which provides for using the $10,000,000 fund reserved for the redemption of the fractional currency to pay the pension arrears, and refused by 25 to 37 to strike it out.

A water-spout burst over the lower part of the city of Louisville, Kentucky, at noon of the 15th inst., causing great damage to property.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The terms of peace proposed by the British in Afghanistan are said to have been all accepted by Yakoob Khan. By these the frontier line is advanced so as to give the British the Kojuk Pass, Pisheen Valley, the Kurum Valley as far as Shutar Gardan Pass, and the Khyber Pass as far as Loargi. Some difficulty exists, however, in perfecting the negotiations, as Yakoob Khan's position in Afghanistan is so critical that he is obliged to demand more of the British in return than they can grant.

A dispatch from Cape of Good Hope, dated the 28th ult., says there has been no fresh fighting. Lord Chelmsford and Prince Louis Napoleon have gone to Kambula. Nuguwanda, Cetywayo's youngest brother, has surrendered. The death of Umbelini, one of the king's brothers, is confirmed. The news from the Transvaal is encouraging. The Boers have broken up their camp and returned home.

Several conflagrations have occurred in East Russian towns, causing great distress. Seventy arrests have been made in Orenburg on charges of incendiarism. The first party of 300 out of 2000 persons arrested in Moscow during the winter have started for Siberia. Nine thousand persons arrested in other towns will pass through Moscow during the summer. The Czar has decreed that prisoners tried by court-martial must be doomed or acquitted within twenty-four hours, and the sentences must be executed within twenty-four hours from the time they are pronounced.

The Bolivians have achieved their first success in retaking Atacama, which was seized by Chilian troops at the outbreak of the war. It is announced from Jujuy—a town of the Argentine Republic, near the Bolivian frontier—that 15,000 Bolivians are marching to attack the Chilians.

It was announced in the German Reichstag, on the 14th, that Austria and Russia had consented to become parties to the Anglo-German treaty for the prevention of the slave-trade on the African coast, but that France and the United States, though asked to do so, were hardly expected to join, as they were unwilling to admit the mutual right of search.

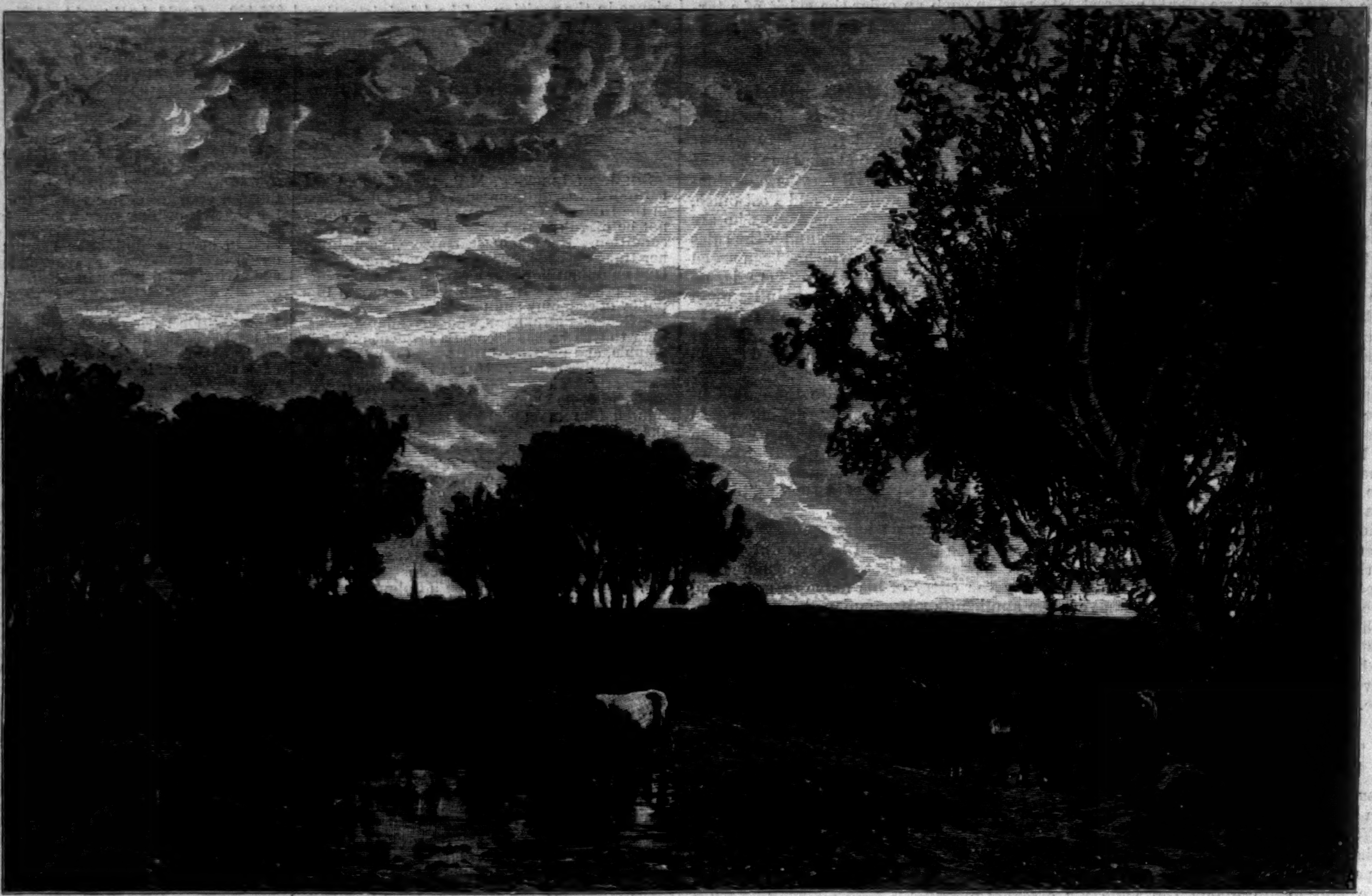
The town of Spezza was formally surrendered, on the 11th, to the Austrian troops, who entered the place unopposed.

Intelligence from Turkestan represents that the Chinese troops have been twice successfully attacked by the Kirghiz tribes from the Andijan district, who now hold Kashgar. A Chinese army of 20,000 men is concentrated on the Ili River.

The Emperor of Austria has consented to arbitrate between Great Britain and Nicaragua respecting the differences arising out of the treaty of friendship, commerce, and navigation between those countries in 1860.

In the British House of Commons, on the 13th, Mr. Dillwyn (Liberal) moved that in the opinion of the House it was necessary that the limits of prerogative should be more strictly observed, so as to prevent ministers, under cover of the supposed personal interposition of the sovereign, from withdrawing from the cognizance of the House matters which are properly within the scope of its powers. Mr. Dillwyn in his speech pointed out as examples of such matters the annexation of the Transvaal, the dispatch of the Indian troops to Malta, and the sending of the fleet to the Dardanelles.

The International Congress to discuss projects for a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Panama met in Paris on the 15th. M. Ferdinand de Lesseps was elected president. Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, of the United States navy, was chosen one of the vice-presidents. All of the powers applied to sent delegates, including England, Italy, and Russia. The secretary read a paper on the subject before the Congress, after which it was resolved to divide the members into four committees to discuss the undertaking, and the meeting adjourned until Monday.



THE SUNSET HOUR.—BY WILLIAM HART.

THE ACADEMY.

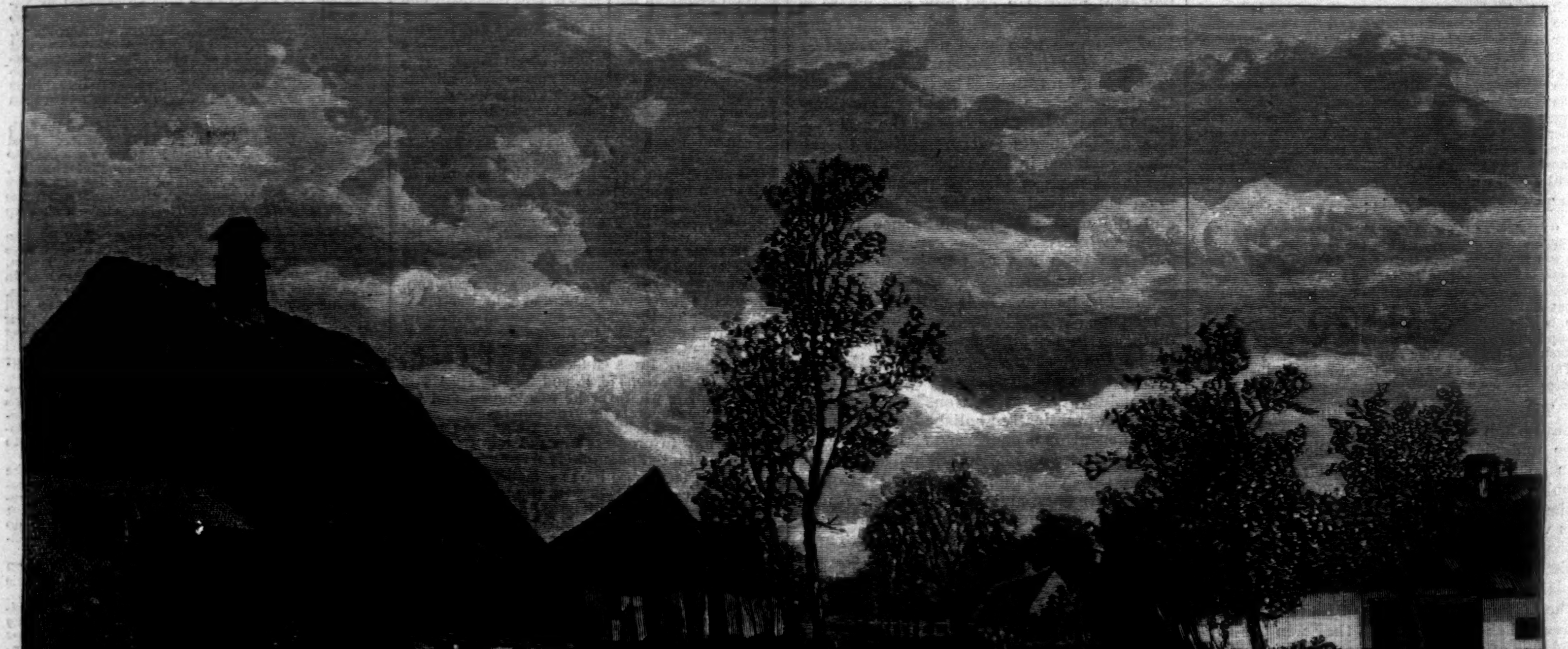
WILLIAM HART'S picture, "The Sunset Hour," is an excellent specimen of the quiet, pastoral style of composition in which this artist delights. Our engraving gives the feeling of repose and quietude, even though it lacks the mystic charm of color. The original hangs in the South Room, and is numbered 315 in the catalogue. W. S. MACY'S picture takes us into a little village of South Germany, and gives us a vivid idea of rural life in that country. There is little that is attractive in most German peasant villages. They are often wanting in the charm of pretty gardens and lawns, such as we find in this country. Mr. MACY'S painting, numbered 299, may be seen in the East Room.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

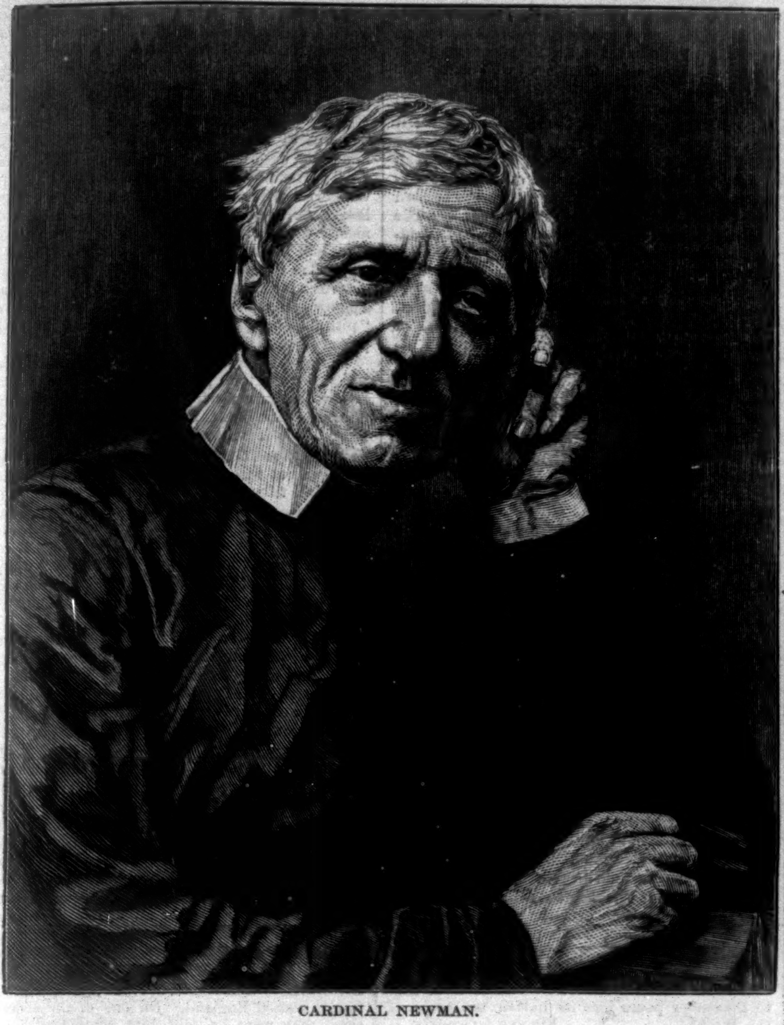
THE elevation of this aged prelate to the Roman Cardinalate seems but a natural and harmonious event in his remarkable career. For many years Dr. NEWMAN has been a conspicuous figure in the Christian Church, the peculiar mutability of his religious convictions being made important by his eminent talents and exalted position. The remarkable fervor with which he once declaimed against the Roman Catholic communion, his subsequent admission into that body, his opposition to the ultramontane party, with which he is now likely to become identified, and his refusal to accept a Cardinal's hat, now so cordially reversed, have secured him a greater amount of the world's attention than is usually attracted even by the most illustrious of ecclesiastics.

It is generally admitted by students of human nature that one of the most ordinary processes of intellectual development is the gradual change from the absolute certainty of youthful convictions to the intelligent questioning of riper years, or from immature dogmatism to enlightened toleration. But in Dr. NEWMAN'S case this natural sequence seems to have been entirely reversed. Every step in his career from the time when he first won reputation as a talented and liberal-minded representative of the Anglican Church seems to have been a distinct progression toward an ecclesiasticism scarcely more liberal than that of the Middle Ages. Dr. NEWMAN was born in 1801 in London, receiving a portion of his education at Ealing, whence he passed to Trinity College. He was ordained in 1824, and four years later was made rector of St. Mary's Church, at Oxford. While here he became at first an earnest advocate, and finally a leader, in the so-called Oxford movement, the object of which was to counteract as well the Romanizing as the Dissenting tendencies of the time, by restoring and bringing into notice what was believed to be the catholic character of the English Church. Dr. NEWMAN'S preaching soon exerted a powerful influence upon the younger members of the University, and finally he came to be regarded as the principal factor in the "Tractarian" or "English Catholic" movement.

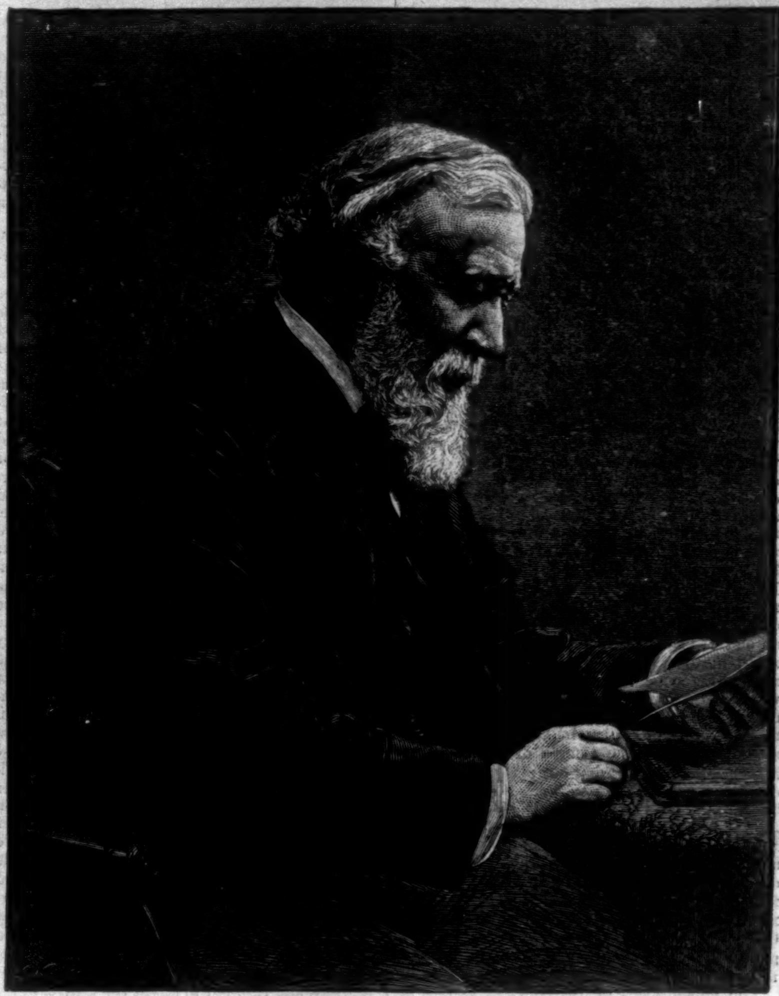
It was while engaged in this struggle that Dr. NEWMAN appeared at his best, his object being



VILLAGE SCENE IN SOUTH GERMANY.—BY W. S. MACY.



CARDINAL NEWMAN.

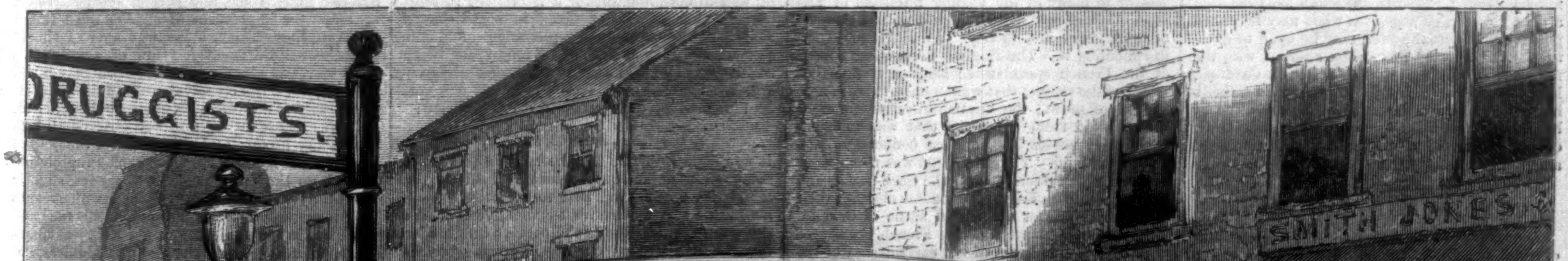


ROBERT BROWNING.—[See Page 426].

the admirable one of arriving at a religious system that should embody the purity and simplicity of the early apostolic faith. In 1832 he passed some time at Rome in the company of his friend Hurrell Froude, and here we learn that he "became forcibly impressed with the idea that the great mission of his life was to combat skepticism in religion." On his journey home he composed the beautiful hymn,

> "Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,"

which is so highly prized by Christians of all denominations. Upon his return to Oxford, in 1833, Dr. Newman commenced the series known as the "Oxford Tracts," to which he was himself one of the chief contributors. Five years later he became editor of the *British Critic*, which was the organ of similar religious views. Before this time his theological opinions had led to a rupture of his long friendship and association with Dr. Whately, but he now found congenial friends in Drs. Pusey and Keble. The publication of the Tracts was continued up to the famous "Number Ninety," the tendency of which was so distasteful to the Anglican authorities that they condemned it without measure, and the Bishop of Oxford called upon Dr. Newman to discontinue the publication—a request to which



A CITY AMBULANCE.—Drawn by Thomas Worth.—[See Page 434.]

he immediately acceded. The *British Critic* continued for some time longer to advocate the same opinions; but in 1843 that publication also was discontinued.

While engaged upon works of this character Dr. Newman had for some time resided at Littlemore, near Oxford, where, in company with some of his more youthful adherents, he passed his time in study and ascetic exercises. This life gained more and more attraction for him, and finally he ceased to appear in the university town excepting when circumstances made it obligatory upon him to do so. It was while at Littlemore that he conceived the idea of abandoning his own Church and seeking admittance to the Roman Catholic communion. This step apparently was not taken without due deliberation; but it could not fail to awaken expostulation on the part of the many friends and colleagues who had considered him identified with their own division of the Christian Church. Dr. Newman was formally admitted to the Roman Catholic Church in 1843. Immediately afterward he published a work entitled *The Development of Doctrine*, which was intended as an explanation of the processes of his own mind in religious matters. Soon afterward Dr. Newman visited Rome, where, after some preparation, he was admitted to orders in the Roman Catholic Church. In 1848, on his return to England, he established at Birmingham a branch of the Congregation of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, of which he was himself appointed the Superior. In 1852 he was appointed Rector of the Catholic University established in Dublin, an office which he held for five years, afterward returning to the house of the Oratory, where he resided for some time, and in connection with which he established a school for the higher education of English youth of the Roman Catholic religion. Since that time he has been an enthusiastic worker in the Church of his adoption, inaugurating and carrying out many educational enterprises, as well as publishing an almost uninterrupted series of works on religious subjects. Indeed, few men of his generation have equalled Dr. Newman in his many years of faithful, zealous, and brilliant service to his Church. During the discussion of the dogma of Papal Infallibility, following the last Œcumenical Council, Dr. Newman became prominent through his reply to Mr. Gladstone's expostulation—a reply which was the strongest defense of that dogma made by any of the Catholic writers on the subject.

The appointment of Dr. Newman as one of the five Roman Catholic clergymen to be invested with a Cardinal's hat took place at the Vatican on May 12. His elevation to the Cardinalate has naturally given great satisfaction to the Roman Catholic party in England. In reference to his action in conferring the purple upon this able advocate of Roman Catholicism, Leo XIII. is reported to have said, "I wish to honor his *great virtues and learning*, to do an act pleasing to the Catholics of England, *and to England*, which I so much esteem." That Dr. Newman has ever been a deep thinker, or possesses what may be called positive intellectual power, may be open to question. At the same time, when adorned with the red hat and flowing robes of a Roman Cardinal, he will serve the Church he represents as a thrilling example of the influence finally exercised by her institutions upon one who, at the beginning of his career as a clergyman, was numbered among her most powerful opponents.

CANALS AND RAILWAYS.

A question is discussed as to the advantages of canal or railroad traffic. On the one side it is denied that the railroad can ever equal the canal in cheapness and convenience for carrying heavy goods; on the other, it is claimed that the railroad must at last completely supersede the canal. In England the railroads are powerful and active monopolies, and wherever they have been able have decided the question by buying the competing canal, and so raising the price of conveyance as to prohibit rivalry. But their policy proves their fear of a fair competition, and it is constantly urged by the friends of the canals that the railways carry their heavy freight at a real loss; that the damage to the lines, the low rate of compensation, leave the companies at the year's end in a worse condition than if they had confined themselves to a lighter traffic. It is suggested that passengers form the sure resource of the railway, and that heavy articles can best be carried by water. New York at least seems to prove the singular value of water communications. It has grown rich and great by a union of river, railway, and canal. But the chief source of its superiority over all other cities is the water-way that connects it with the most distant lakes. The Erie Canal was one of those rare efforts of commercial foresight that are perfectly successful, yet daring almost to rashness. The national government refused all aid; the State alone, poor and weak, undertook the whole cost of the adventure. It was, in those early days, just after the close of the war of 1815, an undertaking more remarkable than the Suez Canal or the Mont Cenis Tunnel; its enormous cost seemed to threaten ruin to the struggling State. The savage still held the wild lands about Canandaigua and Geneva; Rochester was a small village; the proposed route ran through a wilderness; the flames of war had scarcely died away around the battle-fields of Niagara. But the intelligent men who planned the Erie Canal, and the liberal Legislatures that supplied its funds, were never for a moment doubtful of the final result of their undertaking; they saw the long lines of boats sailing through the valleys, laden with the riches of the West; they watched the costly work, as it proceeded slowly and carefully, with rising pride; saw that its locks were constructed with rare strength, its embankments fortified by all the scientific intelligence of the age; its broad waters glide slowly from county to county, mile by mile, until at last the Erie was joined forever to the Hudson. Then a natural burst of enthusiasm stirred the city and the State. The ceremony of the marriage of the lakes and the Atlantic was celebrated with a pomp that seemed to our ancestors not unworthy of the event. The newspapers of the time teem with brilliant pictures of the splendors of Broadway, the wonders of the procession, the dinners, bonfires, illuminations, speeches; relate how, in sober, stately oratory, Clinton foretold the greatness of the metropolis, and New York rejoiced in the bridal of the waves.

No undertaking was ever more successful. The canal soon paid its own cost in tolls and revenue; it paid its cost a thousandfold in its influence upon the welfare of the nation and the world; it settled the great communities of the West before railways were thought of; it opened the path to immigration, enriched the interior of the continent, founded cities, constituted States; it made New York the emporium of the traffic in provisions; it helped to feed the laboring multitude in Europe and America. The food that passes down its sluggish current is disseminated every where. The laborer on the hot plains of Brazil or in the lustrous vales of Cuba, the German peasant, the English workman, have learned to look to its ample store as a sure resource. Other means of communication still arise. Two railways enter New York from the West. But the history of the Erie Canal shows the plain superiority of the water communication over the railway, the necessity of a public control over the lines of traffic. So long as the canal is open, the railways yield to its superior advantages; they lower their charges; the wheat and corn of the West pour into New York; no other city can compete with it; it resumes once more its immense preponderance in the trade of the nation. But no sooner is the canal closed, no sooner does winter seal its useful current, than the traffic of the metropolis feels a sudden check. The railways raise their rates; trade is diverted to other cities; the corn and wheat of the West flow into Baltimore and Philadelphia, and for a few brief months New York sinks back into comparative decay. In July it holds three-fourths of the trade in corn; in January it has only a half or a third part. In winter its rivals can steal away its trade; in summer it is still enriched and defended by its canal. From May to December it is the food centre of the world.

The Suez Canal at once destroyed the Suez Railway, and restored to Egypt the control of the highway of the East. It is the chief labor of the generation, the completion of a design that had once been imperfectly fulfilled under the Pharaohs, and awakened the rival ardor of the Ptolemies and the Roman emperors. If their canals were successful, they could only have been narrow passages, fitted for boats and vessels of moderate size. The canal of M. Lesseps bears on its breast the great steamers that ply between London and Bombay. Yet no enterprise seemed ever more absurd to many of the leading intellects of Europe. It was held incredible, impossible, a waste of intelligence and money. All England joined in ridiculing it. The English press spared none of the French speculators; English traders denounced the project that was to open to them new sources of profit; the English government withheld its aid from a scheme that was to bring their chief possessions in close connection with the parent land. The Erie Canal was never more covered with contempt than the Suez Canal, and scarcely could its English opponents discover their error until, amidst a splendid scene of Oriental brilliancy, the Empress of the French celebrated the perfect completion of the early design of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies. M. Lesseps has worthily earned his immortality. The Suez Canal is one of the most valuable labors of the age. Amidst the shifting sands, the fallen people, the treacherous dynasties of Egypt, it has opened a highway to the East that has outstripped all railways and eclipsed all other means of traffic. The English traders were the first to seize upon its advantages, and but for English support the long water-course might apparently be once more abandoned to the desert sands. English patronage maintains it; two-thirds of its commerce is English. The possession of India seems to give the chief value to the Suez Canal, and if England should ever withdraw its hold from its distant conquest, it is difficult to see how the tolls of the canal would produce a profit. It may at last be made free by the union of nations—the natural tendency of these public highways.

A recent notice in the foreign papers shows how strongly the advantages of the canal appeal to the public attention. Six or seven different plans are suggested for cutting through the Isthmus of Panama, and the gallant M. Lesseps proposes to lead the way to success. More fortunate than Xerxes, more prudent than Cæsar, the modern builder of canals sees no real obstacle in the way to the union of two oceans. He despises the rivalry of the Panama Railway Company, one of the most prosperous of corporations. He hopes still to see the stately steamers glide through the spurs of the Andes, and the traffic of the Pacific centre in his own harbors and the placid locks of his inland stream. He has no fear of any competing railways; he has conquered them in Egypt. It is, however, on the ship-canal that M. Lesseps relies, and only vessels of the largest burden, freed from the necessity of unloading, seem capable of meeting the requirements of the age. Canals must grow with the wants of trade, and if they would be successful, must carry ships of the greatest size. The earlier canals supplied the necessities of inland traffic; they were built for boats and lighters. The Chinese were the earliest and most admirable of all the projectors of inland water-courses. The time is unknown when Nankin was not supplied with its broad canals forty miles long; the lowlands of China were covered with them. But the pride of the Chinese, the chief of all the canals of the past, was built in the reign of Kublai Khan. It joined the great Chinese rivers and cities, and is noticed by Marco Polo as one of the most wonderful of the Tartar labors; four centuries later the Dutch embassy who made their way to Pekin describe the admirable workmanship and rare excellence of the "royal river." It had outlived the flight of four hundred years; it was still perfect in its various appliances. Fine cities had grown up on its banks; around it spread a country rich in all the traits of scientific culture. "There is nothing more pleasant to be seen in the world," writes Nieuhoff of it (1655). "The banks on each side are smooth and broad, planted with stately trees, the adjacent country embellished with pasture and delightful woods, pleasant country-seats, and luxurious villas." The "royal river," it is said, has at last sunk into neglect. its embankments are broken, the great fleets of vessels of strange and costly workmanship described by the Dutch merchants no longer pass over its waters; its waters themselves are stolen away; weeds and ruin cover the desolate course, and a century of war, insurrection, revolution, storms, has destroyed at last the chief work of Kublai Khan.

Horace sings the pains and perils, the smoke, gnats, innkeepers, of the canal in the Pontine marshes. The Rhine and Rhone were joined by an inland channel. Lombardy was covered with a chain of canals. Babylon and Egypt excelled in making these inland rivers. In the revival of Europe the canal of Languedoc—a wonderful work, the suggestion, perhaps, of Colbert—pierced forests, mountains, wastes, to join the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The Bridgewater Canal in England apparently ruined and at last enriched its projector beyond the hopes of avarice. Holland is a land of canals; its latest labor, a ship-canal, joins Amsterdam to the ocean. The Canadian canals threaten a serious rivalry with our own. There is no dearth of projects for new water-ways and fresh means of inland traffic. The railway is still encountered every where by the canal. The waters of the Mississippi may yet be joined to the Atlantic. But there seems ample room for both kinds of traffic. The swift railway steals away the lighter trade, the canal bears the cheaper and heavier. A free canal—the offspring of the State—will at last make New York more than ever the mistress of commerce. It is not impossible that the canals of the world may all become free. But of all its interests the city of New York owes its chief care to that unrivalled water-way that from May to December pours into its harbor the grain of the West.

Eugene Lawrence.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The present Robert Browning is the son, grandson, and great-grandson of earlier Robert Brownings; nor there does the series end. He was born at Camberwell, London, on the 7th of May, 1812—a date which future biographers will do well to take note of, for it is omitted in most notices, and incorrectly given in some others. The boy was exceedingly precocious, and the story is told that at the age of four years, being constrained by his mother to take some disagreeable medicine, he humorously assumed a heroic attitude, and gave utterance to his first rhyme:

> "All people, if you wish to see
> A boy take physic, look at me."

It was little medicine that he required, however, being from childhood remarkably healthy. In his eighth year he was able to translate Horace, and, if we may believe his teachers, he evinced a thorough appreciation of the poet's bantering humor. Till his fourteenth year he was educated at Dulwich, and made rapid progress in learning. His education was further carried on at home under a private tutor. Afterward he attended a few of the first lectures at the London University, of which his father was one of the original share-holders, and he is now a "Life Governor" of that institution. He is also an Honorary Fellow of Baliol College, and a Master of Arts, by diploma, of Oxford University.

In 1832, when he was twenty years of age, Robert Browning was living at Richmond, Surrey, where he prepared the first volume ever published by him. It was his father's pleasure to provide the funds for the printing of this and the immediately succeeding volumes, though with humorous reference to the kind of wealth with the chinking of which the banker-father was most familiar, he is reported to have said that they "did not bring in many sovereigns or half sovereigns." During these early years of poetical work, Browning was completing his education by travel. In 1834 he spent some time in Russia; in 1835 "Paracelsus" appeared; and in 1837 the poet was before the world with work of a special order—an English historical drama. Closet dramas are not rare, but dramas of real force are very rare indeed. Wonderful to relate in the history of so young a man as Browning was at this time, the play of *Strafford* met with the favor of Macready, to whom it was dedicated, and on the 1st of May, 1837, it was put upon the boards at Covent Garden. Macready took the part of Strafford on this occasion, and at another time that of Pym; Helen Faucit appeared as Lady Percy; she also acted in *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, which appeared six years later, and failed, as it was supposed, on the ground that it "gave too real an insight into the tragedy of life for the public to bear."

In 1842 appeared "King Victor and King Charles," together with a first installment of those "dramatic lyrics" which established Robert Browning's fame forever as a poet possessing not only unusual dramatic skill, but also rare poetic and lyrical power. In one small volume, together with other poems, appeared the following, which almost immediately became popular favorites: "My Last Duchess," "Count Gismond," "Ratisbon," "In a Gondola," "Waring," and that very remarkable *tour de force* "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." In 1843 and 1844 appeared three considerable dramas—*The Return of the Druses*, *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, and *Colombe's Birthday*. In 1845 came out *Dramatic Romances and Lyrics*, including "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "The Lost Leader," "Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis" (a fine instance of the author's faculty of humor and humorous description), "The Flight of the Duchess," "The Boy and the Angel," and "Saul" (a wonderful piece of verse). In 1846 were published *Luria* and *A Soul's Tragedy*, the latter mostly written in prose. These closed the series of actual dramas, a kind of work to which Mr. Browning has not returned. The six large thin octavos which formed the work entitled *Bells and Pomegranates* were ostensibly designed for a "pit audience," and were published at such prices as one shilling or sixpence each.

The great event of Robert Browning's life, which did not take place until he had fully won his position as a master of English verse, was his marriage with Elizabeth Barrett Moulton-Barrett. This lady, now universally acknowledged as the greatest English female poet who has ever lived, was at this time on a level fully equal to, if not, all things considered, superior to Browning's own. Of the frailest physique, by the indomitable power of her spirit she had studied as few men can, even those who combine a masculine strength of intellect with bodily health and vigor. On the 12th of September, 1846, the pair were quietly married at the parish church of St. Marylebone, London.

At this time Miss Barrett's health was improved to such an extent that she was able to go about, and make short excursions into the country—a state of affairs that for years her friends had never dared to look for. Almost immediately after their marriage the Brownings took up their abode in Italy, living for a short time in Pisa, but eventually choosing Florence for their place of settled residence. Writing from thence to his friend Mr. R. H. Horne, Mr. Browning says: "Here we live for nothing, or next to nothing, and have great rooms and tables and chairs thrown in; and although hearing occasionally that Florence is to be sacked on such a day, and our Grand Duke deposed on such another, I have learned to endure meekly all such expectations, and to hold myself as safe as you in your garden through them all." On the 9th of March, 1849, their only son was born, named after both—Robert Barrett Browning. Now and again the family visited England. On one of these occasions they were brought into contact with our own lamented poet Bayard Taylor, who gave the following interesting picture of them: "Calling one afternoon in September at their residence in Devonshire Street, I was fortunate enough to find both at home, though on the eve of their return to Florence. In a small drawing-room on the first floor I met Browning, who received me with great cordiality. In his lively, cheerful manner, quick voice, and perfect self-possession, he made the impression of an American rather than an Englishman. He was then, I should judge, about thirty-seven years of age, but his dark hair was already streaked with gray about the temples. His complexion was fair, with perhaps the faintest olive tinge; eyes large, clear, and gray; nose strong and well cut; mouth full and rather broad; and chin pointed, though not prominent. His forehead broadened rapidly upward from the outer angle of the eyes, slightly retreating. The strong individuality which marks his poetry was expressed not only in his face and head, but in his whole demeanor. He was about the medium height, strong in the shoulders, but slender at the waist, and his movements expressed a combination of vigor and elasticity."

In 1850 Browning published the now well-known poem "Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day." Then for a period of five years he was silent, and all the poetry that issued from the household came from the pen of his inspired wife. The two workers never jostled each other by simultaneous appearances before the public, but brought out their works alternately. Each poet composed apart from the other, deferring all comparison or suggestion until the work under consideration was fully embodied. The loss of this companion—her death taking place in 1861—was a terrible blow to her husband, who had enjoyed with her so many years of pleasant labor and thoroughly congenial intercourse.

After *Men and Women*, the remaining works of Mr. Browning came out in the following order: "The Ring and the Book," 1868; "Balaustion's Adventure" and "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau," in 1871; "Fifine at the Fair," 1872; "Red Cotton Night-cap Country," 1873; "Aristophanes' Apology" (a sequel to "Balaustion"), 1875; "The Inn Album," same year; "Pachiarotto, and how he worked in Distemper," 1876; "The Agamemnon of Æschylus," autumn 1877; "La Saisiaz, and the Two Poets of Croisic," 1878. Mr. Browning's most recent volume, published this year, is entitled *Dramatic Idyls*.

Mr. Browning, though now at the beginning of his sixty-eighth year, shows no signs of advancing age, neither has his poetic fire suffered the least abatement. His constitution is remarkably strong, and from his youth he has enjoyed the best of health. There is no reason why he should not, like our own poets so lately gone to their rest, Bryant and Dana, live another score of years to delight us with his peculiar analyses of human nature and his rare poetic conceptions. Wherever his own language is spoken he has hosts of admirers who eagerly welcome any thing that falls from his pen, and although many have presumed to criticise the roughness of his diction and the occasional incomprehensibility of his expressions, there can be no question that he is without an equal in that line of poetic composition which embodies speculative insight and the delineation of the action of the human mind in its most delicate and inspired conditions.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE.

Sunday, 1.—Whit-Sunday.
Sunday, 8.—Trinity-Sunday.
Wednesday, 11.—St. Barnabas.
Sunday, 15.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 22.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 24.—St. John Baptist.
Sunday, 29.—Third Sunday after Trinity; St. Peter.

IN this country the conflict with ritualism has never assumed the proportions which it has reached in England. The ritualistic party is not here numerically strong; and the presence of the laity in the Conventions of the Protestant Episcopal Church secures the prompt adoption of repressive measures. In the diocese of Pennsylvania, the St. Clement's Church, Philadelphia, has been condemned in very strongly worded resolutions by the Convention which assembled May 6. A committee of investigation had been appointed the preceding year, and has now made its report. The practices charged were: the high celebration of the Lord's Supper, at which the laity were forbidden to partake; processions in and through the church with lighted candles; the use of lighted candles on the altar; the singing of unauthorized hymns; the elevation of the elements at communion by the officiating clergyman; the adoration of the elements; and private confession, followed by a judicial absolution. The committee reported three resolutions—the first condemning these practices, the second authorizing the preparation of a canon which shall exclude from representation in the Convention every church in which they prevail, and the third calling on the bishop and standing committee to adopt such disciplinary measures in the case of St. Clement's Church as may be deemed fitting. On the first resolution the vote stood: clergy—yeas 89, nays 20; laity—yeas 68, nays 12—making a total majority for the resolution of 135. On a subsequent day the second and third resolutions were adopted by large majorities.

The Yosemite Sunday-school Assembly, under the charge of the Rev. Dr. J. H. VINCENT, opens June 7, and will close June 17; the Monterey Assembly will be held from June 24 to July 4. Arrangements have been made for an excursion train to leave Chicago May 27. A tourists' institute will be held by Dr. VINCENT on the train after leaving Omaha.

The American Tract Society held its fifty-fourth anniversary in the Broadway Tabernacle on May 7. The Rev. Dr. HOWARD CROSBY presided. The Society now issues 6000 distinct works in the English language; 148 have been added to the catalogue during the past year. The issues of periodicals in the year reached the total of 5,000,000.

The New York City Mission and Tract Society—one of the most valuable of our city charities—has received during the past year $37,912, and has expended $41,863, leaving the treasury considerably in debt. The Society has under its direction forty missionaries, and maintains reading-rooms, sewing-schools, lodging-houses, and other agencies for the relief of the poor.

The Rev. Dr. S. D. BURCHARD, who so recently celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his pastoral charge of the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church of this city, has since tendered his resignation. It is his desire to give place to a younger man. His request has been accepted, and this long term of service with one congregation is now closed.

The final vote on the case of the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE was taken in the Brooklyn Presbytery on Thursday, May 8. As was expected, the defendant was acquitted; the vote was, for acquittal, 25; against, 20. A majority of the lay elders—9 to 3—were for conviction. This fact made the vote in Mr. TALMAGE's favor less than was anticipated. Resolutions were immediately after adopted declaring that the charges being "unproved and disproved," the Presbytery gave its confidence to Mr. TALMAGE as a minister. Dr. VAN DYKE took an appeal to the Synod of Long Island, and intimated that if the appellants failed there, they would carry the case to the General Assembly. Dr. TALMAGE closed the proceedings of the day by reading a characteristic speech. On Monday, May 12, the Presbytery met to consider that part of the report of its committee which condemned Mr. TALMAGE's method of preaching. A substitute for the report was adopted dismissing the whole subject. All parties in the Presbytery conceded Mr. TALMAGE's orthodoxy.

In discussing the education laws of M. FERRY, the French Protestant organs of opinion incline to draw a distinction between the rights of the state and the rights of individuals. Thus the *Évangéliste*, the Wesleyan organ, holds that the direction of education supported by the state should be lay and not clerical, and that therefore the communal schools should be taken out of the hands of the Catholic teaching brotherhoods. It concedes, too, that the state alone should confer academic degrees, and "should reserve to its own establishments the title of universities." It doubts if the state should forbid private teaching by men of all churches and all faiths. According to our American ideas, this seems a reasonable distinction.

The work of conciliation between North and South, at least among Christians, was much furthered by the meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention at Atlanta. The first session was held on Thursday, May 8, when the Rev. Dr. J. P. BOYCE was elected president. The delegates to the Northern Baptist Convention of 1878 reported that they had been received with the utmost friendliness. By a vote of 174 to 68, fraternal delegates were appointed to visit the Northern Baptist Convention, which will assemble in Saratoga during the last days of May. The speeches upon the resolution to appoint strongly expressed the desire for fraternity. The Board of Foreign Missions reported that their receipts for the year were $54,551; of this total, $27,479 were given for the chapel at Rome; the chapel has still a debt on it of $5000. The Italian mission has been very successfully administered by the Rev. Dr. TAYLOR, its superintendent. The Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville has had during the year ninety-six students.

The American Bible Society has, during its last fiscal year, printed 1,055,761 Bibles and Testaments. Colporteurs to the number of 117 have been employed, principally in the Southern States. The society will hereafter dispose of its publications through the ordinary channels of trade. The receipts for the year were $15,000 in excess of the receipts of the year preceding. One of the great achievements of 1878 was the completion of the Turkish version of the Bible.

The Methodist Episcopal City Church Extension and Missionary Society has expended in New York $650,000 during eleven years. It maintains fifteen missions, at a cost of over $50,000 per year. More than half of the money expended is raised by the mission churches. The church property under the Society's control is valued at $417,000.

The American Congregational Union held its twenty-sixth annual business meeting in the Bible House on Thursday, May 8. This society is now wholly devoted to church extension. The receipts for the year were $23,509. Grants to the number of forty-eight were made during the year to thirty-one churches in fifteen States and Territories. The expenditures for 1878 were $22,468, leaving a balance of $5134 in the treasury.

At the anniversary meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, on Sunday, May 11, the effect of the bequest of $1,000,000 made by Deacon OTIS was freely discussed. Dr. HOPKINS said, "The American Board has been tried by adversity. It has come out of its difficulties each time with renewed strength. But no test so severe as this has been applied to it." The fiscal year of the Board closes in autumn.—The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions closes its fiscal year with a deficiency of $15,203; this sum added to the deficiency of the year preceding makes a total deficit of $62,532. The receipts for the year were $427,631; of this total the Women's Foreign Missionary Society contributed $136,309. The expenditures of the year were $442,834.

A Baltimore correspondent of the *Congregationalist*, writing of Mr. MOODY's work in that city, says: "One of the marvels about him is his body. Besides his six hours a day for study, he has performed labor enough to kill half a dozen ordinary men." At the beginning of the year Mr. MOODY held five daily services, some of which must have been brief; during the succeeding months he has held four daily services. One of these meetings was for men only, in Dr. LEYBURN's church, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and had a uniform attendance of two thousand. Mr. MOODY has also preached every Sunday to the convicts in the State Penitentiary, with good results. In co-operation with him, the Women's Christian Temperance Union have held daily noon meetings at the Maryland Institute, where the attendance has averaged twenty-five hundred. In the work of the past winter Mr. MOODY has tried the experiment of dispensing with the large tabernacles which have been in other winters prepared for him. He has, instead, used churches as centres. The experiment has succeeded well. Mr. E. W. BLISS, his co-laborer, will remain in Baltimore for a year, and will devote himself to the care of the reformed men who have become converts to Christianity.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Massachusetts State Board of Health has given the public some useful information in regard to disinfection, which at this season will be of immediate practical value. Among other matters, the method of disinfecting by sulphur fumes is described. Both chlorine and sulphur fumes, when used in sufficient quantity, are efficient in killing insects, fungi, bacteria, and infusoria; but chlorine is more expensive, more difficult to manage, and destroys metals, textile fabrics, and colors. Clothing, bedding, and many household articles may be disinfected by sulphur without being injured. About eighteen ounces of sulphur are needed for each space of one thousand cubic feet. The sulphur should be broken in small pieces, burned over a vessel of water or sand, so as to avoid danger from fire, and, if the room is large, it should be put in separate vessels in different places. The room should be tightly closed for six hours, and then aired; it is better that the room should be warm than cold. Of course efficiently disinfected air is, during the process of disinfection, irrespirable. Most articles may be disinfected in this way, if hung up loosely in the fumigated chamber, although it would be an additional safeguard to expose any thing thick, like a bed mattress, to prolonged heat at a temperature of about 240° Fahrenheit. In fact, heat must be considered the best disinfectant, and it is suggested that there be furnaces and laundries to be used solely for the purpose of disinfecting articles. A solution of chloride of zinc will kill bacteria placed in it, and arrest putrefaction; so, also, carbolic acid of sufficient strength. Disinfectants, used in sufficient quantities to destroy bad odors, do not necessarily kill microscopic living organisms. After all, the best and simplest disinfectant is fresh, pure air in abundance, which, by greatly diluting infectious matter, must, under many conditions, render it inert.

The Coney Island season opens early with the opening of the hotels and the running of frequent trains. Warm days, which are just upon us, will cause a rush to this now popular and pleasant resort.

Extensive forest fires have destroyed a vast amount of property in many sections of country; in Pike County, Pennsylvania, in Sussex County, New Jersey, upon the Catskills, and on the Hancock Mountains, much timber has been sacrificed.

Another terrible elevator accident recently occurred at the Tremont House, Chicago, resulting in the shocking death of a lady about sixty years of age.

Fertilization by electricity is something novel, but experiments in France show what can be done in that line. A savant recently took two tobacco plants, each weighing the same, and being in an equally healthy condition, planted them in boxes containing mould of identical quality, and placed them side by side in a locality favorable to their growth. One was supplied with an electric conductor, or "lightning-rod," and the other was left in its normal state. In four months the plant under the influence of electricity attained a height of three feet five inches, and weighed about 44,000 grains; the other measured two feet four inches, and weighed about 22,000 grains—about one-half.

Bayard Taylor's lecture on Goethe, from his well-known series on German literature, as delivered in several places, was found by his executors to be missing from the remaining manuscripts, which were carefully done up, ready for the printer, as it was Mr. Taylor's intention to publish them. It is supposed that the Goethe manuscript has been loaned to some friend, and a request has been made public that it be forwarded to Mr. George Haven Putnam, at the house of G. P. Putnam's Sons, No. 182 Fifth Avenue.

It will be remembered by those familiar with the case that the mother of little Edith Freeman, of Pocasset, consented to and approved of the murder of the child by her father. But mother-love soon outweighed fanatic frenzy, and in an agony of grief she sat in her cell bewailing the sad fate of her little daughter. At this time it is feared that her mind will wholly give way—if, indeed, she was in any condition of sanity when the unnatural murder was committed.

The recently renewed discussion in regard to what may and what may not be done on Sunday leads the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* to collate some facts on the subject. It seems that every State in the Union, with the single exception of Louisiana, has on its statute-books a Sunday law of some kind. In general, these laws prohibit labor "on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday" (excepting works of necessity or charity), the transaction of ordinary mercantile business (except the selling of medicines), the keeping open of dram-shops, and travelling in vehicles for business or pleasure, with exceptions in favor of ferrymen and mail-carriers. In some of the Southern and Western States there are special provisions against the besetting sins of the region. Arkansas punishes Sunday indulgence in card-playing; California imposes a fine for attending prize-fights, races, circuses, etc.; Florida has a severe penalty for disturbing any congregation of white persons; South Carolina alone adheres to the old notion of compelling attendance upon divine worship. The Illinois Sunday law only prohibits the keeping open of tippling-houses, and the disturbing the peace or good order of society by unnecessary labor or amusement. It is manifest, independent of any religious aspects of the question, that the comfort and well-being of the community should be considered in making and enforcing Sunday laws. While each individual may be left to his own conscience and judgment in regard to his private method of spending Sunday, no one has the right, under any ordinary circumstances, to disturb the rest and comfort of the day for others. Rest is the right of every person, provided it does not interfere with that of his neighbors. Such things as tend toward public disturbance, disorder, and noise should be prohibited, whether the offense is committed by adults or children. A troop of noisy, shouting boys playing ball in the street on Sunday afternoon—a thing we have seen more than once—will destroy the comfort of a dozen families in the vicinity.

On May 12 the first barrel of the new crop wheat flour was received at the Produce Exchange in this city, from Americus, Georgia, and was sold for the benefit of the Episcopal church at Americus. The wheat was cut on April 30 and May 1.

Several cases of severe corporal punishment inflicted upon little children, in schools or asylums or at home, have led the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to investigate this species of abuse.

The other day two men in Fall River were overheard conversing about anticipated strikes, and one of them remarked that he had been in twenty-six strikes during his lifetime.

"Well," said the other, "did you ever make any thing by it?"

"Not once," was the reply—"lost every time."

It is related of M. Blanqui, the French revolutionist, that when only nineteen years of age he became a tutor in the family of a wealthy and aristocratic family living near Toulouse. He fell in love with a young lady residing in the château, but did not venture to disclose his devotion. For six years he remained silent, when at last she discovered his feeling, and, returning it, became his wife. Six years afterward she died. Blanqui still wears mourning for her. In 1848, at the radical club over which he presided, he never took off the black gloves which he habitually wore. These produced a curious effect when he used gestures to emphasize any remarks he made in his somewhat shrill voice. These gloves are of a peculiar make, and come high up the wrist, like those of a lady. The reason for this singularity is that the determined conspirator still wears on his wrist the bracelet of her he loved and still mourns.

It is pretty generally believed that the elevated railway companies of this city would lose no money by adopting the uniform rate of five-cent fares.

The celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the battle of Stony Point, on July 16, is expected to be an occasion of great national interest. The Wayne Monument Association has been organized for the double purpose of celebrating this event and of erecting a monument to the memory of General Wayne on the government grounds at Stony Point. The invited guests include the President of the United States, members of the cabinet, and distinguished men from various parts of the country. The commandant at West Point will send a battery with a detachment of cadets, the works at Stony Point will be fortified, and a sham battle will be fought by a battalion of Rockland County Continentals, under the command of a West Point officer, and assisted by regiments of New York State National Guards. Membership fees are, for gentlemen, one dollar, for ladies, fifty cents, and for children, twenty-five cents, which entitle them to the use and privileges of the grounds on the day of the celebration, except a portion inclosed for reserved seats.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

To many people Millais' picture of "The Huguenot," or the engraving from it, is familiar. It represents a young girl endeavoring to tie a white scarf—the emblem by which the Romanists were to be distinguished on the night of St. Bartholomew—on the arm of her Huguenot lover. Before this engraving, in a well-known art repository, lately halted a gentleman from the country and his wife. They gazed entranced at the picture, and the gentleman slowly spelled the title, "H-u-g-e-n-o-t—Huge not," and, turning to his spouse, asked: "What in thunder do they call that Huge not for?" To which Maria responded, "Why, gracious goodness, John, can't you see?—because she's a-tying a huge knot on her feller's arm." And they wandered on through the gallery.

An old woman called lately at a shop to purchase some oranges. In the course of conversation she stated that she had just got off one of her daughters. On the shop-keeper congratulating her on the event, she gave a significant shake of her head, adding: "I may weel be glad, Sir, for they are just like thae oranges, thae dinna dae to be lang keepit."

The following is told of a young gentleman who graduated recently. On the examination in physics, he was asked: "Mr. ——, what planets were known to the ancients?" "Well, Sir," he responded, "there were Venus and Jupiter, and"—after a pause—"I think the Earth, but I'm not quite certain."

When a young girl begins to take an interest in the arrangement of a young man's neck-tie, it is an infallible sign of something more serious than sisterly regard.

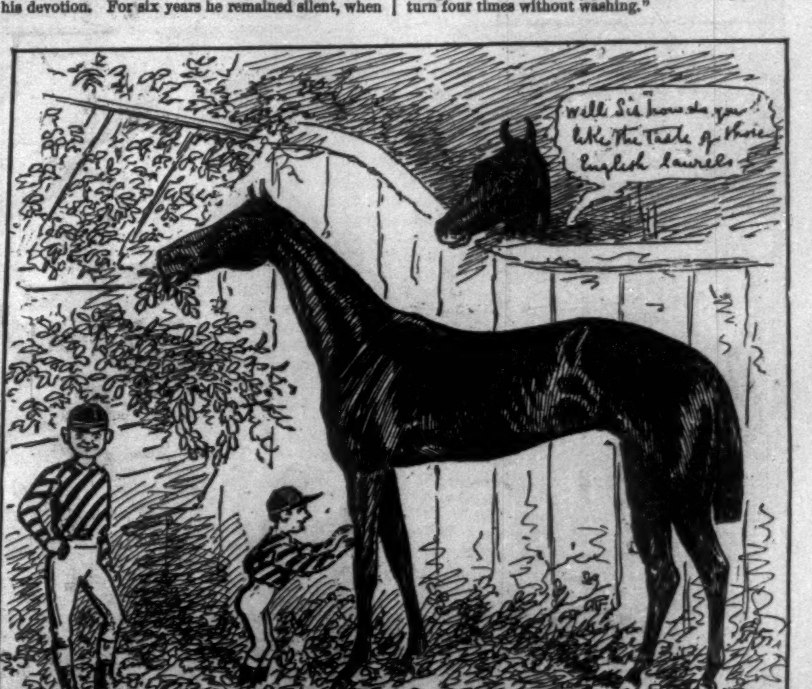
"How is your wife's health?" said one Sunday-school teacher to another: "is she well?" "Well?—hardly ever," was the response. The questioner gazed sternly at the questioned, but finding he meant it, put up his revolver.

A sailor being on trial for stealing a blue coat, his counsel argued that it was a plain case of hallucination, as his client evidently supposed himself to be on the "deep blue seize."

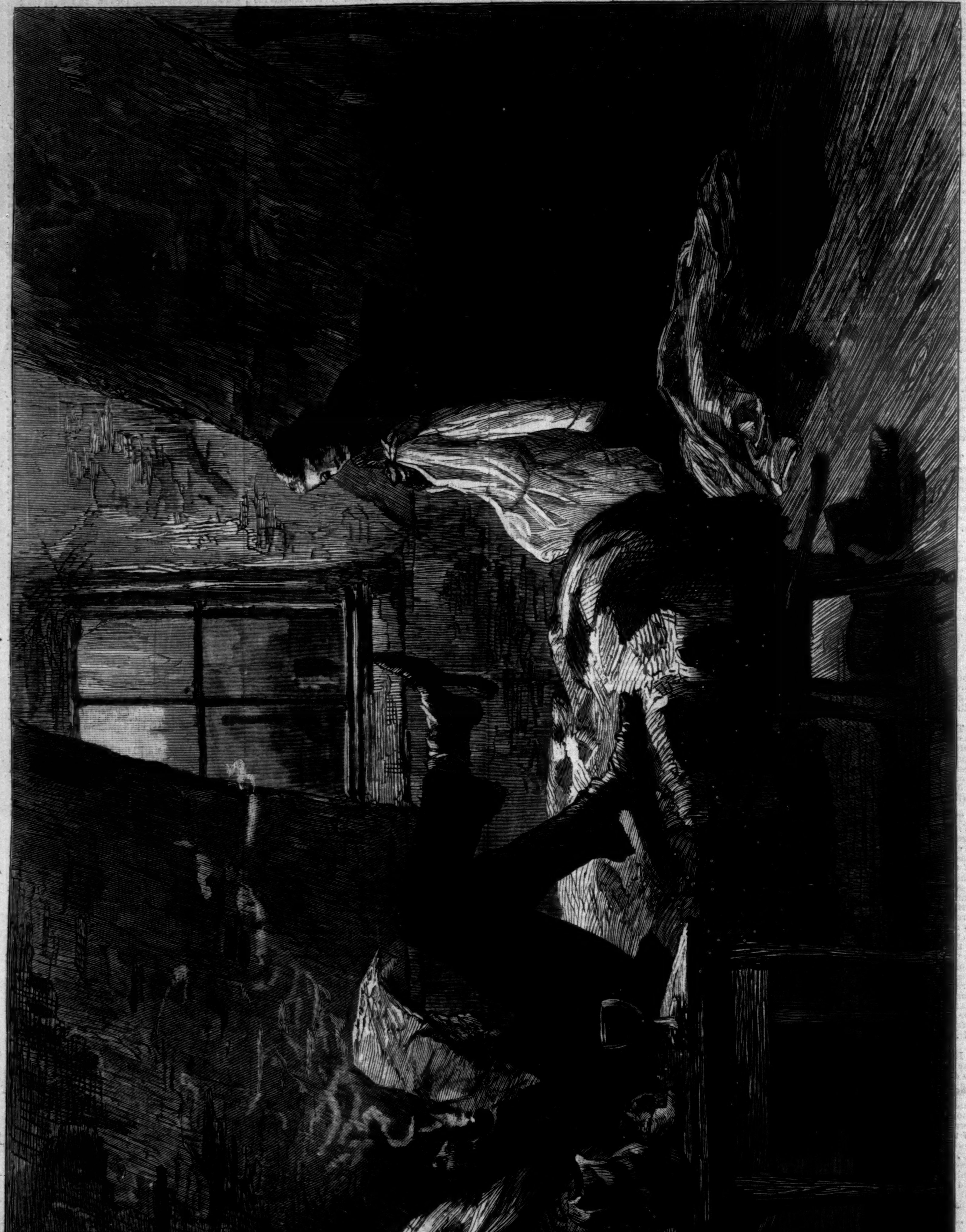
A boy, at a recent examination in an English school, was asked who discovered America. "I wish I may die," says a British editor, "if he didn't answer, 'Yankee Doodle!'"

MAGISTRATE. "You seem to have been drinking, and to have left your wits at the bottom of your tumbler."
PRISONER (*blandly*). "Impossible, your honor; I never leave any thing at the bottom of my tumbler."

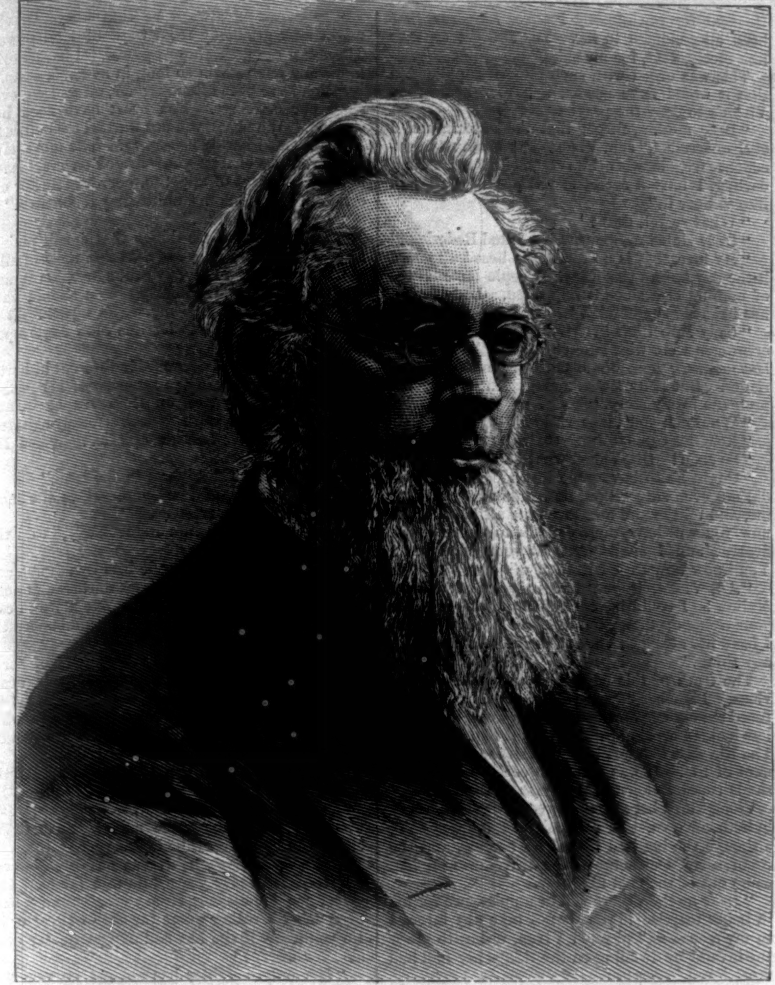
A seedy-looking individual stepped into one of our gentlemen's furnishing stores recently and asked for a pair of four-ply cuffs. The articles were handed him, and he examined them in a dubious sort of way, and then remarked: "See here! these ain't the right thing; I want the four-ply kind—them that you can turn four times without washing."


Well Sir how do you like the Taste of those English laurels!
BELLEW

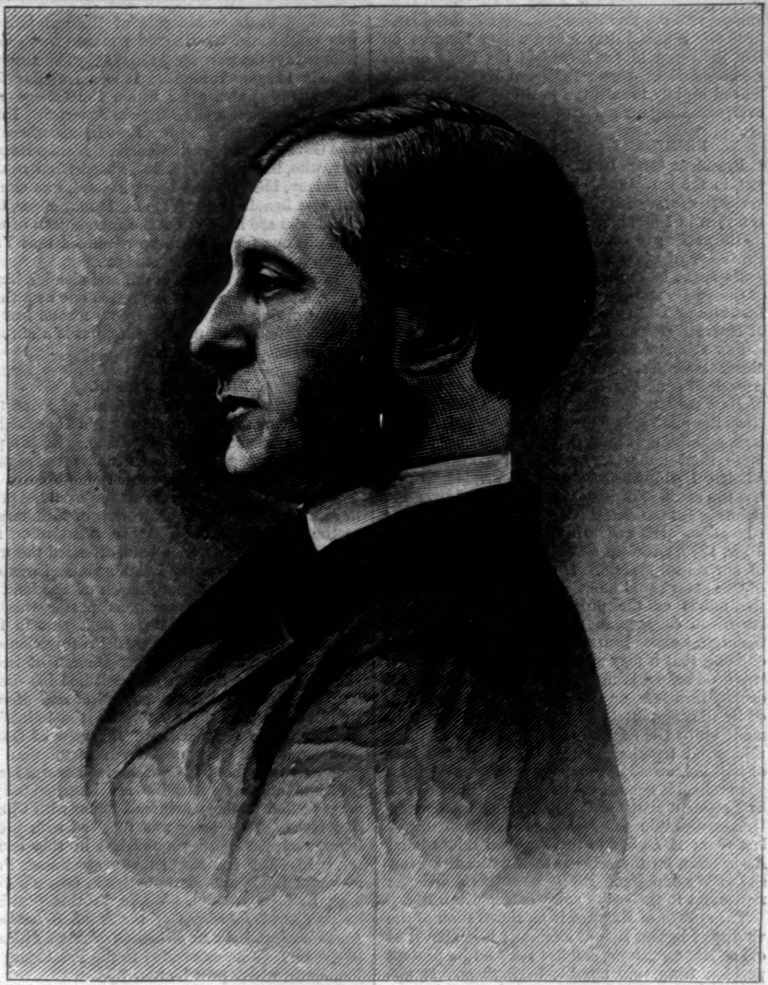
PAROLE D'HONNEUR—HIGH LIVING IN LAURELARD'S STABLES.



THE COMMUNIST—THE LABOR QUESTION SOLVED.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.



DR. F. A. P. BARNARD, PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.



DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT, PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

COLLEGE PRESIDENTS.

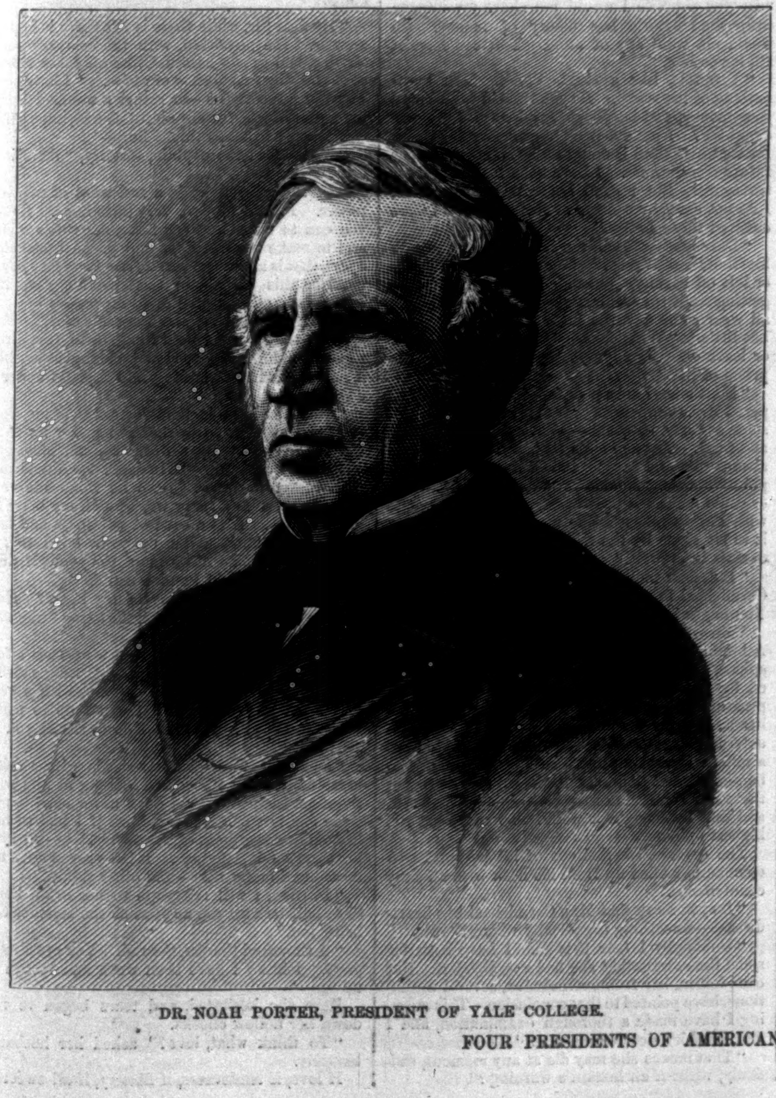
FREDERICK A. P. BARNARD.

THE determination of modern culture toward science has found a strong representative in President BARNARD, of Columbia College, New York. All of his active life has been devoted to scientific discovery and the elucidation of scientific truth. He is a native of Massachusetts, having been born in Sheffield, in 1809; in 1828 he graduated at Yale College. Many of his best years have been spent in the South, where he was Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering in the University of Mississippi from 1854 to 1861. In 1860 Dr. BARNARD was elected President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; he was also one of the founders of the National Academy of Sciences. In 1864 he was made President of Columbia College, which office he now holds.

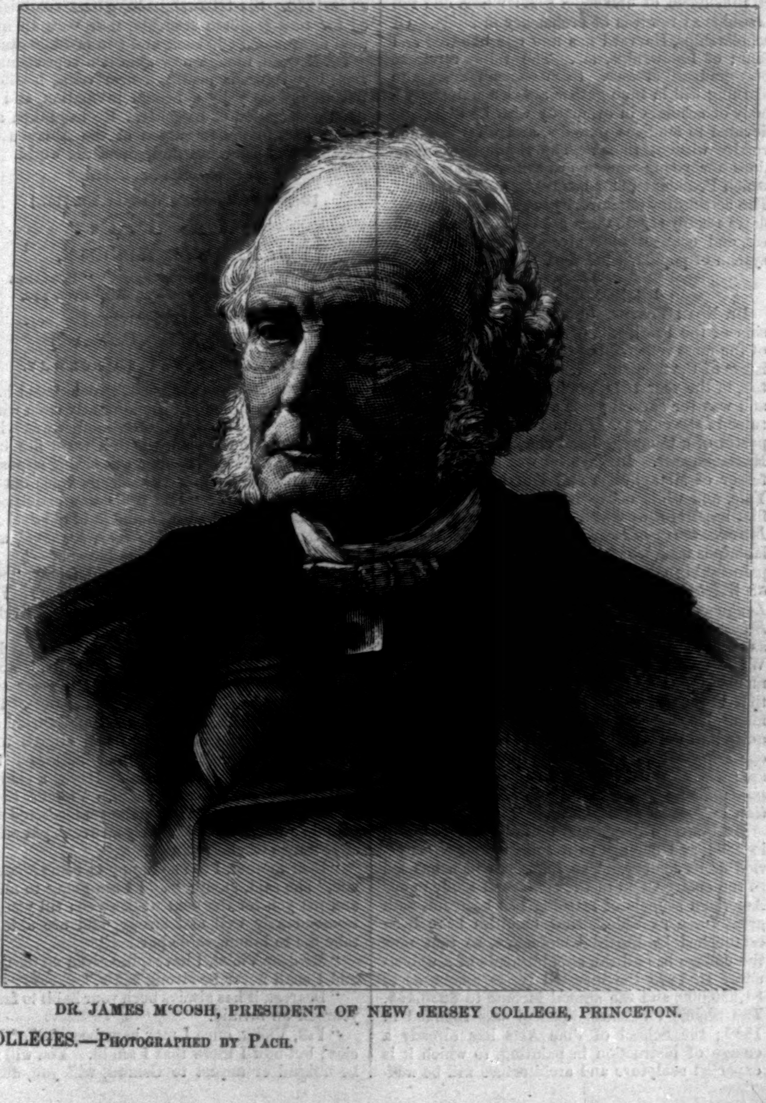
Dr. BARNARD is most popularly known as the editor of *Johnson's Cyclopædia;* to the learned world his name is familiar as that of one of our most prolific writers on scientific subjects. He has published: *Treatise on Arithmetic; Art Culture; History of the United States Coast Survey; Undulatory Theory of Light; Metric System of Weights and Measures*, and other works.

Columbia College, over which Dr. BARNARD presides, has, by the rapid advance in the value of real estate on Manhattan Island, attained vast wealth. Its productive funds are valued at $4,581,700, from which the annual income is $205,000. Besides the college proper, it includes a Law School, a Medical School, and a School of Mines. The School of Mines was established in 1864, the year of Dr. BARNARD's entrance upon the Presidency, and has complete appointments for five courses of study. The Law School has become famous under the superintendence of Professor THEODORE W. DWIGHT.

Columbia, like Harvard, began its work in a very modest way. A vestry-room of Trinity Church was the meeting-place of its early classes. It dates from 1754, in which year it received a royal charter, and was first known as King's College. The roll of its graduates contains the great names of ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON, GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, and JOHN JAY. DE WITT CLINTON and JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke were among its first students when it was re-organized in 1784. Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, so well known in colonial



DR. NOAH PORTER, PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.



DR. JAMES M'COSH, PRESIDENT OF NEW JERSEY COLLEGE, PRINCETON.

FOUR PRESIDENTS OF AMERICAN COLLEGES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH.

annals, was the first President. Among the later professors was James Kent, whose lectures on law, delivered in 1823, formed the basis of his *Commentaries*. Under President Barnard it has moved rapidly toward the position, without, however, assuming the name, of a complete university.

PRESIDENT CHARLES W. ELIOT.

President Charles W. Eliot was born in Boston, in the year 1834. His father was for some years treasurer of the university. Graduating at Harvard in 1853, he was at once made a tutor in mathematics; in 1858 he was appointed Assistant Professor of Chemistry. In 1865, after several years spent in Europe, he was elected Professor of Chemistry and Metallurgy in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He has been President of Harvard since 1869.

Few scholars in the United States have given closer attention to the practical problems of American education than this energetic President of Harvard University. It has been his habit to trace the relations of the common school, the college, and the university to each other, and to promote their union so as to form a symmetrical whole. In this line of discussion President Eliot has the courage of his opinions, and is fearless in pointing out the defects of our system of popular education. His article in the *Atlantic Monthly* of June, 1875, criticises sharply the false economies of our school system. If some of the sentences of this essay could be wrought as convictions into the minds of the projectors and founders of American colleges, they would save the country the useless expenditure of millions of money. We cite one, that it may start upon its travels again: "A good school is not a grand building, or a set of nice furniture, or a series of text-books selected by the committee, or a programme of studies made up by the superintendent; and all of these things put together, though each were the best of its kind, would not make a good school; for a good school is a man or a woman." Other essays by President Eliot are: "English and American Universities," in the *North American Review* of last year; *A Report* to the National Educational Association on the scheme of a national university at Washington. He opposes this scheme as repugnant to the entire spirit of American life.

The growth of Harvard is an illustration of the vitality of institutions of learning; it is almost as old as Massachusetts, and has reached its present position from very humble beginnings. It was opened in 1638, and was intended to be, in part at least, a school for Indians. The first graduate received his degree in 1642. Among its early benefactors were the learned Lightfoot and Bishop Berkeley. In the list of its early Presidents is the name of Increase Mather. In 1859 the Museum of Comparative Zoology was founded, with Agassiz as director; the Peabody Museum was established in 1866. The Memorial Hall, the monument to the sons of Harvard who fell in the war of the rebellion, was erected at a cost of $420,000. The whole property of the university in 1876 was estimated to be worth $3,129,218; its income that year was $473,305. The library, over which the all-accomplished Dr. Ezra Abbot presides, contains 211,000 volumes.

President Eliot is an earnest promoter of the establishment of university scholarships and fellowships as rewards of proficiency in study. Of scholarships, Harvard has now one hundred and four; of fellowships, six. The fellows pursue post-graduate studies. Such encouragements to learning will in time gather about a university a body of scholars in sympathy with its aims, and devoted to studious pursuits, and what is a university without them? The Harvard examinations for young women are a new departure, in which President Eliot has taken a deep interest. The certificates obtained by the successful candidates readily secure them appointments as teachers, and connect the university with our great system of popular education.

DR. NOAH PORTER.

Dr. Noah Porter, the eleventh in the succession of the Presidents of Yale, is the son of one of the most venerated of the Congregational ministers of Connecticut. He was born in Farmington, in the year 1811, graduated at Yale in 1831, and was for several years a school-teacher and a tutor in the college. From 1843 to 1846 he was pastor of a Congregational church in Springfield, Massachusetts. In 1846 he was appointed Professor of Metaphysics and Moral Philosophy at Yale, and while occupying this chair issued his first important work, *The Human Intellect, with an Introduction upon Psychology and the Soul*. A more laborious task, which well illustrates Dr. Porter's painstaking care, was the editing of the revision of *Webster's American Dictionary of the English Language*. In *The Science of Nature versus the Science of Man*, he makes a plea for metaphysics as the substratum of all human knowledge. While paying a tribute to the splendid achievements of modern science, President Porter claims that they need as their supplement a science of man. He contends that we can not ignore all inquiry into the laws of thought, and the validity of our knowledge. Other works published by him are: *The Educational Systems of the Puritans and the Jesuits Compared*; *Books and Reading*; *American Colleges and the American Public*.

Dr. Porter's Presidency of Yale College began in 1871, and belongs to the most prosperous period of its history. The impulse which has led to the enlargement of the courses of study in our American schools of learning has been felt with great force at Yale. New faculties have been established by liberal benefactors, so that now the college has all the appointments of a university. In 1875 the invested funds amounted to $1,550,000, and the annual income to $233,465. The Sheffield Scientific School was founded in 1860; the School of Fine Arts has already a course of instruction in painting, to which it is expected sculpture and architecture will be added. The Peabody Museum of Natural History was established by George Peabody, who contributed for the purpose $150,000. The libraries contain 117,000 volumes. It is a singular fact that Elihu Yale, after whom the college was named, lived but a short time in America. Much of his life was spent in the East Indies, where he was Governor of Fort St. George. Bishop Berkeley, who, like a good genius, flitted from colony to colony, blessing and being blessed, was one of the first benefactors of Yale. It may cheer, too, those who are laying now the foundations of colleges in our far West to be reminded that Yale began its career with *one* student.

In person Dr. Porter is tall and slender, has a clear, incisive voice, and impresses one as a thorough working-man. He is by no means lost in the abstractions of metaphysics, but is a shrewd observer of passing events.

DR. JAMES M'COSH.

Dr. James M'Cosh, the President of Princeton College, came to the United States in 1868, with a high reputation as a metaphysician. He is a pupil of Chalmers, to whose memory he pays a graceful tribute in the preface to his volume on *The Divine Government*; he also enjoyed the privilege of listening, in the University of Edinburgh, to the lectures of Sir William Hamilton. He was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, attended the universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, and was ordained a minister of the Church of Scotland in 1835. His first settlement as pastor was at Brechin, in 1839; in 1843 he took part in the memorable disruption of Scotch Presbyterianism and the formation of the Free Church of Scotland. While at Brechin he published his essay on *The Divine Government, Physical and Moral*. In this essay Dr. M'Cosh applies the inductive method to the elucidation of the view of God's providence and plan of human restoration as held in the orthodox Churches. External nature and man's constitution are interrogated in order to find in them points of union with Christian ideas. This essay was received with great favor, and has been republished in this country. In 1851 Dr. M'Cosh was appointed Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland. While in this position he published *Intuitions of the Mind, Inductively Considered*, and *An Examination of Mill's Philosophy*. In 1868 he was called to the Presidency of Princeton, which post he now fills.

Dr. M'Cosh's career as a college president has been a great success. He has inspired with his own enthusiasm the men needful to him as helpers. Munificent gifts have been bestowed on Princeton, until it has become one of the best endowed schools of learning in the United States. In eight years the offerings of its benefactors have reached the sum of $1,500,000. In addition, the Theological Seminary has been greatly enriched.

Princeton, properly called New Jersey College, was founded in 1747; Elizabethtown was its first seat, but in 1757 it was transferred to its present home. Its first erected edifice was named "Nassau Hall," in honor of King William III. Besides the academic department, it comprises the John C. Green School of Science, which was opened in 1873. Six fellowships have been established for post-graduate students, four with an annual income of $600 each, and two of $250 each.

Dr. M'Cosh, though now almost a septuagenarian, has vigorous health, a firm voice, marked not unpleasantly by a Scotch intonation, and a good expectation of long life. He has taken an active part in the formation of the Alliance of Presbyterian Churches throughout the world.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLI.—(*Continued.*)

THE NEAREST WAY TO NORWAY.

The door of Mrs. Carmichael's room stood half open, and the lamp-light shone faintly from within. Violet went softly in. Her mother was lying on a sofa by the hearth, where a wood fire had been newly lighted. Pauline was sitting opposite her, reading aloud in a very sleepy voice out of the *Court Journal*: "The bride was exquisitely attired in ivory satin, with flounces of old *duchesse* lace, the skirt covered with *tulle, bouillonè*, and looped with garlands of orange blossom—"

"Pauline," murmured the invalid, feebly, "will you never learn to read with expression? You are giving me the vaguest idea of Lady Evelyn Fitzdamer's appearance."

Violet went over to the sofa and knelt by her mother's side and embraced her tenderly, looking at her earnestly all the while, in the clear soft lamp-light. Yes, there was indeed a change. The always delicate face was pinched and shrunken. The ivory of the complexion had altered to a dull gray. Premature age had hollowed the cheeks and lined the forehead. It was a change that meant decline and death. Violet's heart sank as she beheld it; but she remembered the captain's warning, and bravely strove to put on an appearance of cheerfulness.

"Dear mother, I am so happy to come home to you," she said, gayly; "and I am going to nurse and pet you for the next week or so; till you get tremendously well and strong, and are able to take me to innumerable parties."

"My dear Violet, I have quite given up parties; and I shall never be strong again."

"Dearest, it has always been your habit to fancy yourself an invalid."

"Yes, Violet, once I may have been full of fancies; but now I know that I am ill. You will not be unkind or unjust to Conrad, will you, dear? He sent for you directly I asked him. He has been all goodness to me. Try and get on with him nicely, dear, for my sake."

This was urged with such piteous supplication that it would have needed a harder heart than Violet's to deny the prayer.

"Dear mother, forget that the captain and I ever quarrelled," said Vixen. "I mean to be excellent friends with him henceforward. And, darling, I have a secret to tell you if you would like to hear it."

"What secret, dear?"

"Lady Mabel Ashbourne has jilted Roderick!"

"My love, that is no secret. I heard all about it the day before yesterday. People have talked of nothing else since it happened. Lady Mabel has behaved shamefully."

"Lady Mabel has behaved admirably. If other women were wise enough to draw back at the last moment, there would be fewer unhappy marriages. But Lady Mabel's elopement is only the prologue to my story."

"What can you mean, child?"

"Roderick came to Jersey to make me an offer."

"So soon! Oh, Violet, what bad taste!"

"Ought he to have gone into mourning? He did not even sing willow, but came straight off to me, and told me he had loved me all his life; so now you will have my *trousseau* to think about, dearest, and I shall want all your good taste. You know how little I have of my own."

"Ah, Violet, if you had only married Lord Mallow! I could have given my whole mind to your *trousseau* then; but it is too late now, dear. I have not strength enough to interest myself in any thing."

The truth of this complaint was painfully obvious. Pamela's day was done. She lay, half effaced among her down pillows, as weak and helpless-looking as a snow-drop whose stem is broken. The life that was left in her was the merest remnant of life. It was as if one could see the last sands running down in the glass of time.

Violet sat by her side and pressed her cold hands in both her own. Mrs. Carmichael was very cold, although the log had blazed up fiercely, and the room seemed stifling to the traveller who had come out of the cool night air.

"Dear mother, there will be no pleasure for me in being married if you do not take any interest in my *trousseau*," pleaded Vixen, trying to cheer the invalid by dwelling on the things her soul had most loved in health.

"Do not talk about it, my dear!" her mother exclaimed, peevishly. "I don't know where the money is to come from. Theodore's bill was positively dreadful. Poor Conrad had quite a struggle to pay it. You will be rich when you are of age, but we are awfully poor. If we do not save money during the next few years, we shall be destitute. Conrad says so. Fifteen hundred a year, and a big house like this to maintain. It would be starvation. Conrad has closed Theodore's account. I am sure I don't know where your *trousseau* is to come from."

Here the afflicted Pamela began to sob hysterically, and Vixen found it hard work to comfort her.

"My dearest mother, how can you be poor and I rich?" she said, when the invalid had been tranquillized, and was lying helpless and exhausted. "Do you suppose I would not share my income with you? Rorie has plenty of money. He would not want any of mine. You can have it all, it you like."

"You talk like a child, Violet. You know nothing of the world. Do you think I would take your money, and let people say I robbed my own daughter? I have a little too much self-respect for that. Conrad is doing all he can to make our future comfortable. I have been foolish and extravagant. But I shall never be so any more. I do not care about dress or society now. I have outlived those follies."

"Dear mother, I can not bear to hear you talk like that," said Vixen, feeling that when her mother left off caring about fine dresses she must be getting ready for that last garment which we must all wear some day, the fashion whereof changes but little. "Why should you relinquish society, or leave off dressing stylishly? You are in the prime of life."

"No, Violet, I am a poor faded creature," whimpered Mrs. Carmichael. "Stout women are handsome at forty, or even"—with a shudder—"five-and-forty. The age suits their style. But I was always slim and fragile, and of late I have grown painfully thin. No one but a Parisian dress-maker could make me presentable; and I have done with Paris dresses. The utmost I can hope for is to sit alone by the fireside, and work antimacassars in crewels."

"But, dear mother, you did not marry Captain Carmichael in order to lead such a life as that. You might as well be in a *béguinage*."

Vain were Vixen's efforts to console and cheer. A blight had fallen upon her mother's mind and spirits, a blight that had crept slowly on, unheeded by the husband, till one morning the local practitioner—a gentleman who had lived all his life among his patients, and knew them so well externally that he might fairly be supposed to have a minute acquaintance with their internal organism—informed Captain Carmichael that he feared there was something wrong with his wife's heart, and that he thought it would be well to get the highest opinion.

The captain, startled out of his habitual self-command, looked up from his desk with an ashy countenance.

"Do you mean that Mrs. Carmichael has heart-disease—something organically wrong?"

"Unhappily I fear it is so. I have been for some time aware that she had a weak heart. Her complexion, her feeble circulation, several indications, have pointed to that conclusion. This morning I have made a thorough examination, and I find mischief, decided mischief."

"That means she may die at any moment, suddenly, without an instant's warning?"

"There would always be that fear. Or she might sink gradually from want of vital power. There is a sad deficiency of power. I hardly ever knew any one remain so long in so low a state."

"You have been attending her, off and on, ever since our marriage. You must have seen her sinking. Why have you not warned me before?"

"It seemed hardly necessary. You must have perceived the change yourself. You must have noticed her want of appetite, her distaste for exertion of any kind, her increasing feebleness."

"I am not a doctor."

"No; but these are things that speak plainly to every eye—to the eye of affection most of all."

"We are slow to perceive the alteration in any one we see daily and hourly. You should have drawn my attention to my wife's health. It is unfair, it is horrible, to let this blow come upon me unawares."

If the captain had appeared indifferent hitherto, there was no doubt of the intensity of his feeling now. He had started up from his chair, and walked backward and forward, strongly agitated.

"Shall we have another opinion?" asked Dr. Martin.

"Certainly. The highest in the land."

"Dr. Lorrimer, of Harley Street, is the most famous man for heart-disease."

"I'll telegraph to him immediately," said the captain.

He ordered his horse, rode into Lyndhurst, and dispatched his telegram without the loss a minute. Never had Dr. Martin seen any one more in earnest, or more deeply stricken by an announcement of evil.

"Poor fellow, he must be very fond of her!" mused the surgeon, as he rode off to his next call. "And yet I should have thought she must be rather a tiresome kind of woman to live with. Her income dies with her, I suppose. That makes a difference."

The specialist from Harley Street arrived at the Abbey House on the following afternoon. He made his examination, and gave his opinion, which was very much the same as Dr. Martin's, but clothed in more scientific language.

"This poor lady's heart has been wearing out for the last twenty years," he told the local surgeon; "but she seems, from your account, to have been using it rather worse for the last year or so. Do you know if she has had any particular occasion for worry?"

"Her only daughter has not got on very well with the second husband, I believe," said Dr. Martin. "That may have worried her."

"Naturally. Small domestic anxieties of that kind are among the most potent causes of heart-disease." And then Dr. Lorrimer gave his instructions about treatment. He had not the faintest hope of saving the patient, but he gave her the full benefit of his science. A man could scarcely come so far and do less. When he went out into the hall and met the captain, who was waiting anxiously for his verdict, he began in the usual oracular strain; but Captain Carmichael cut him short without ceremony.

"I don't want to hear details," he said. "Martin will do every thing you tell him. I want the best or the worst you can tell me in straightest language. Can you save my wife, or am I to lose her?"

"My dear Sir, while there is life there is hope," answered the physician, with the compassionate air that had grown habitual, like his black frock-coat and general sobriety of attire. "I have seen wonderful recoveries—or rather a wonderful prolongation of life, for cure is, of course, impossible—in cases as bad as this. But—"

"Ah!" cried the captain, bitterly, "there is a but."

"In this case there is a sad want of rallying power. Frankly, I have very little hope. Do all you can to cheer and comfort your wife's mind, and to make her last days happy. All medicine apart, that is about the best advice I can give you."

After this the doctor took his fee, gave the captain's hand a cordial grip, expressive of sympathy and kindliness, and went his way, feeling assured that a good deal hung upon that little life which he had left slowly ebbing away, like a narrow rivulet dwindling into dryness under a July sun.

"What does the London doctor say of me, Conrad?" asked Mrs. Carmichael, when her husband went to her presently, with his countenance composed and cheerful. "He tired me dreadfully with his stethoscope. Does he think me very ill? Is there any thing wrong with my lungs?"

"No, love. It is a case of weakness and languor. You must make up your mind to get strong; and you will do more for yourself than all the physicians in London can do."

"But what does he say of my heart? How does he explain that dreadful fluttering—the suffocating sensation—the—"

"He explains nothing. It is a nervous affection, which you must combat by getting strong. Dear love!" exclaimed the captain, with a very real burst of feeling, "what can I do to make your life happy? what can I do to assure you of my love?"

"Send for Violet," faltered his wife, raising herself upon her elbow, and looking at him with timorous eagerness. "I have never been happy since she left us. It seemed as if I had turned her out of doors—out of her own house—my kind husband's only daughter. It has preyed upon my mind continually, that—and other things."

"Dearest, I will telegraph to her in an hour. She shall be with you as soon as the steamer can bring her."

"A thousand thanks, Conrad. You are always good. I know I have been weak and foolish to think—"

Here she hesitated, and tears began to roll down her hollow cheeks.

"To think what, love?" asked her husband, tenderly.

If love, if tenderness, if flattery, if all sweetest things that ever man said to woman, could lure this feeble spirit back to life, she should be so won, vowed the captain. He had never been unkind to her, or thought unkindly of her. If he had never loved her, he had, at least, been tolerant. But now, clinging to her as the representative of fortune, happiness, social status, he felt that she was assuredly his best and dearest upon earth.

"To think that you never really cared for me," she whimpered; "that you married me for the sake of this house and my income."

"Pamela, do you remember what Tom Jones said to his mistress when she pretended to doubt his love?"

"My dear Conrad, I never read *Tom Jones*. I have heard dear Edward talk of it as if it was something too dreadful."

"Ah, I forgot. Of course it is not a lady's book. Tom told his Sophia to look in the glass, if she were inclined to question his love for her, and one look at her own sweet face would convince her of his truth. Let it be so with yourself, dear. Ask yourself why I should not love the sweetest and most lovable of women."

If sugar-plums of speech, if lover-like attentions, could have cured Pamela Carmichael's mortal sickness, she might yet have recovered. But the hour had gone by when such medicaments might have prevailed. While the captain had shot, and hunted, and caught mighty salmon, and invested his odd hundreds, and taken his own pleasure in various ways with almost all the freedom of bachelor life, his wife had unawares been slowly dying. The light had burned low in the socket; and who shall re-illumine that brief candle when its day is over? It needed now but a breath to quench the feeble flame.

"Great Heaven!" cried Captain Carmichael, pacing up and down his study, distraught with the pangs of wounded self-interest; "I have been taking care of her money, when I ought to have taken care of her. It is her life that all hangs upon, and I have let that slip through my fingers while I have planned and contrived to save a few beggarly hundreds. Short-sighted idiot that I have been! Poor Pamela! And she has been so yielding, so compliant to my every wish! A month—a week, perhaps—and she will be gone; and that handsome spitfire will have the right to thrust me from this house. No, my lady, I will not afford you that triumph. My wife's coffin and I will go out together."

CHAPTER XLII.

"ALL THE RIVERS RUN INTO THE SEA."

For some days Violet's return seemed to have a happy effect upon the invalid. Never had daughter been more devoted, more loving, fuller of sweet cares and consolations for a dying mother, than this daughter. Seeing the mother and child together in this supreme hour, no on-looker could have divined that these two had been ever less fondly united than mother and child should be. The feeble and fading woman seemed to lean on the strong bright girl, to gain a reflected strength from her fullness of life and vigor. It was as if Vixen, with her shining hair and fair young face, brought healthful breezes into the sickly perfumed atmosphere of the invalid's rooms.

Roderick Vawdrey had a hard time of it during these days of sadness and suspense. He could not deny the right of his betrothed to devote all her time and thought to a dying mother; and yet, having but newly won her for his very own, after dreary years of constraint and severance, he longed for her society as lover never longed before—or at least he thought so. He hung about the Abbey House all day, heedless of the gloomy looks he got from Captain Carmichael, and of the heavy air of sadness that pervaded the house, and was infinitely content and happy when he was admitted to Mrs. Carmichael's boudoir to take an afternoon cup of tea, and talk for half an hour or so, in subdued tones, with mother and daughter.

"I am very glad that things have happened as they have, Roderick," Mrs. Carmichael said, languidly; "though I'm afraid it would make your poor mamma very unhappy if she could know about it. She had so set her heart on your marrying Lady Mabel."

"Forgetting that it was really my heart which was concerned in the business," said Rorie. "Dear Mabel was wise enough to show us all the easiest way out of our difficulties. I sent her my mother's emerald cross and ear-rings the day before yesterday, with as pretty a letter as I could write. I think it was almost poetical."

"And those emeralds of Lady Jane Vawdrey's are very fine," remarked Mrs. Carmichael. "I don't think there is a feather in one of the stones."

"It was almost like giving away your property, wasn't it, Vixen?" said Rorie, looking admiringly at his beloved. "But I have a lot of my mother's jewels for you, and I wanted to send Mabel something, to show her that I was not ungrateful."

"You acted very properly, Rorie; and as to jewelry, you know very well I don't care a straw for it."

"It is a comfort to me to know you will have Lady Jane's pearl necklace," murmured Mrs. Carmichael. "It will go so well with my diamond locket. Ah, Rorie, I wish I had been strong enough to see to Violet's *trousseau*. It is dreadful to think that it may have to be made by a provincial dress-maker, and with no one to supervise and direct."

"Dearest mother, you are going to supervise every thing," exclaimed Vixen. "I shall not think of being married till you are well and strong again."

"That will be never," sighed the invalid.

Upon this point she was very firm. They all tried—husband, daughter, and friends—to delude her with false hopes, thinking thus to fan the flame of life and keep the brief candle burning a little longer. She was not deceived. She felt herself gradually, painlessly sinking. She complained but little, much less than in the days when her ailments had been in some part fanciful; but she knew very surely that her day was done.

"It is very sweet to have you with me, Violet," she said. "Your goodness and Conrad's loving attentions make me very happy. I feel almost as if I should like to live a few years longer."

"Only almost, mother darling!" exclaimed Violet, reproachfully.

"I don't know, dear. I have such a weary feeling, as if life at the very best were not worth the trouble it costs us. I shouldn't mind going on living if I could always lie here, and take no trouble about any thing, and be nursed and waited upon, and have you or Conrad always by my side; but to get well again, and to have to get up, and go about among other people, and take up all the cares of life—no, dear, I am much too weary for that. And then, if I could get well tomorrow, old age and death would still be staring me in the face. I could not escape them. No, love, it is much better to die now, before I am very old, or quite hideous—even before my hair is gray."

She took up one of the soft auburn tresses from her pillow, and looked at it, half sadly.

"Your dear papa used to admire my hair, Violet," she said. "There are a few gray hairs, but you would hardly notice them; but my hair is much thinner than it used to be, and I don't think I could ever have made up my mind to wear false hair. It never quite matches one's own. I have seen Lady Ellangowan wearing three distinct heads of hair; and yet gentlemen admire her."

Mrs. Carmichael was always at her best during those afternoon tea-drinkings. The strong tea revived her; Roderick's friendly face and voice cheered her. They took her back to the remote past, to the kind squire's day of glory, which she remembered as the happiest time of her life—even now, when her second husband was doing all things possible to prove his sincerity and devotion. She had never been completely happy in this second marriage. There had always been a flavor of remorse mingled with her cup of joy; the vague consciousness that she had done a foolish thing, and that the world—her little world within a radius of twenty miles—was secretly laughing at her.

"Do you remember the day we came home from our honey-moon, Conrad," she said to her husband, as he sat by her in the dusk one evening, sad and silent, "when there was no carriage to meet us, and we had to come home in a fly? It was an omen, was it not?"

"An omen of what, dearest?"

"That all things were not to go well with us in our married life; that we were not to be quite happy."

"Have you not been happy, Pamela? I have tried honestly to do my duty to you."

"I know you have, Conrad. You have been all goodness: I always have said so to Violet—and to every one. But I have had my cares. I felt that I was too old for you. That has preyed upon my mind."

"Was that reasonable, Pamela, when I have never felt it?"

"Perhaps not at first; and even if you had felt the disparity in our ages, you would have been too generous to let me perceive the change in your feelings. But I should have grown an old woman while you were still a young man. It would have been too dreadful. Indeed, dear, it is better as it is. Providence is very good to me."

"Providence is not very good to me, in taking you from me," said the captain, with a touch of bitterness.

It seemed to him passing selfish in his wife to be so resigned to leaving life, and so oblivious of the fact that her income died with her, and that he was to be left out in the cold. One evening, however, when they were sitting alone together, this fact presented itself suddenly to her mind.

"You will lose the Abbey House when I am gone, Conrad."

"My love, do you think I could live in this house without you?"

"And my income, Conrad; that dies with me, does it not?"

"Yes, love."

"That is hard for you."

"I can bear that, Pamela, if I am to bear the loss of you."

"Dearest love, you have always been disinterested. How could I ever doubt you? Perhaps—indeed I am sure—if I were to ask Violet, she would give you the fifteen hundred a year that I was to have had after she came of age."

"Pamela, I could not accept any favor from your daughter. You would deeply offend me if you were to suggest such a thing."

This was true. Much as he valued money, he would have rather starved than taken sixpence from the girl who had scorned him; the girl whose very presence gave rise to a terrible conflict in his breast—passionate love, bitterest antagonism.

"There are the few things that I possess myself—jewels, books, furniture—special gifts of dear Edward's. Those are my own, to dispose of as I like. I might make a will leaving them to you, Conrad. They are trifles, but—"

"They will be precious *souvenirs* of our wedded life," murmured the captain, who was very much of Mr. Wemmick's opinion, that portable property of any kind was worth having.

A will was drawn up and executed next day, in which Mrs. Carmichael left her diamonds to her daughter, her wardrobe to the faithful and long-suffering Pauline—otherwise Mary Smith—and all the rest of her belongings to her dearly beloved husband, Conrad Carmichael. The captain was a sufficient man of business to take care that this will was properly executed.

In all this time his daily intercourse with Violet was a source of exceeding bitterness. She was civil, and even friendly, in her manner to him—for her mother's sake. And then, in the completeness of her union with Rorie, she could afford to be generous and forgiving. The old spirit of antagonism died out: her foe was so utterly fallen. A few weeks and the old home would be her own, the old servants could come back, the old pensioners might gather again around the kitchen door. All could be once more as it had been in her father's lifetime; and no trace of Conrad Carmichael's existence would be left; for, alas! it was now an acknowledged fact that Violet's mother was dying. The most sanguine among her friends had ceased to hope. She herself was utterly resigned. She spent some part of each day in gentle religious exercises with kindly Mr. Scobel. Her last hours were as calm and reasonable as those of Socrates.

So Captain Carmichael had to sit quietly by, and see Violet and her lover grouped by his fading wife's sofa, and school himself, as best he might, to endure the spectacle of their perfect happiness in each other's love, and to know that he, who had planned his future days so wisely, and provided, like the industrious ant, for the winter of his life, had broken down in his scheme of existence, after all, and had no more part in this house which he had deemed his own than a traveller at an inn.

It was hard, and he sat beside his dying wife, with anger and envy gnawing his heart—anger against fate, envy of Roderick Vawdrey, who had won the prize. If evil wishes could have killed, neither Violet nor her lover would have outlived that summer. Happily the captain was too cautious a man to be guilty of any overt act of rage or hatred. His rancorous feelings were decently hidden under a gentlemanly iciness of manner, to which no one could take objection.

The fatal hour came unawares, one calm September afternoon, about six weeks after Violet's return from Jersey. Captain Carmichael had been reading one of Tennyson's idyls to his wife, till she sank into a gentle slumber. He left her, with Pauline seated at work by one of the windows, and went to his study to write some letters. Five o'clock was the established hour for kettledrum, but of late the invalid had been unable to bear even the mild excitement of two or three visitors at this time. Violet now attended alone to her mother's afternoon tea, kneeling by her side as she sipped the refreshing infusion, and coaxing her to eat a wafer-like slice of bread and butter, or a few morsels of sponge-cake.

This afternoon, when Violet went softly into the room, carrying the little Japanese tray and tiny tea-pot, she found her mother lying just as the captain had left her an hour before.

"She's been sleeping so sweetly, miss," whispered Pauline. "I never knew her sleep so quiet since she's been ill."

That stillness, which seemed so good a thing to the handmaid, frightened the daughter. Violet set her tray down hastily on the nearest table, and ran to her mother's sofa. She looked at the pale and sunken cheek, just visible in the downy hollow of the pillows; she touched the hand lying on the silken coverlet. That marble coldness, that waxen hue of the cheek, told her the awful truth. She fell on her knees beside the sofa, with a cry of sharp and sudden sorrow.

"Oh, mother! mother! I ought to have loved you better all my life!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Professor Pickering, director of the Observatory of Harvard University, has published a circular inviting the co-operation of persons in possession of suitable apparatus in establishing a definite scale of stellar magnitudes. In this he remarks that, so far as the brighter stars are concerned, there is little difficulty; but the differences in estimation become greater and more perplexing in proportion to the faintness of the objects. Variations of three or four magnitudes may be expected between the estimates made of the brightness of minute companions seen near a brilliant star.

For the purpose "of providing a partial remedy for this defect, a series of photometric observations of stars of various magnitudes situated near the north pole has been undertaken at the Harvard College Observatory. The region has been selected as one which may always be conveniently observed in the northern hemisphere, so that the brightness of a star observed in another part of the sky can readily be compared by estimate with any standard polar stars the relative brightness of which may have been determined by photometric measurements."

Professor Pickering will furnish to those who are willing to co-operate in this enterprise all the necessary memoranda and different scales of magnitude. Any results will be published with the photometric measurements obtained at the Harvard College Observatory.

According to Professor Bert, in a state of absolute inaction, bodily and mental, the temperature of both sides of the head is equal; but when any brain-work is undertaken, if the equality does not continue, the left side always shows the higher temperature.

According to Raymond, in cases of paralysis the temperature is higher in the parietal region than over the rest of the cranium, where, again, the left side is hotter than the right by an appreciable degree of temperature.

The trustees of the Astor Library, in making their thirtieth annual report, state that the fund for the maintenance of the library amounts to $417,500, the endowment fund being about $1,071,000. The whole number of volumes in the library on the 31st of December, 1878, was 183,245. The additions during the year were 5858. Among the most important of these are the archives of the Sanitary Commission. A gratifying increase in the number of students consulting the library is mentioned by the president, the whole number for 1878 being over 60,000, while in 1865 there were but 23,000. The number of alcove readers has similarly increased in the same period.

The Royal Geographical Society has taken steps toward securing a uniform spelling of geographical names throughout the world. Their labors have been directed first to Indian names, a complete list of which has been drawn up and printed, after a very careful discussion and consideration, to be used hereafter in the society's publications. After considering the subject so far as relates to Asia, the society proposes to turn its attention next to African names. In these they will use *k* for the hard *c* except in names of European derivation.

Professor Dugès, of Mexico, in a recent letter to the Smithsonian Institution, speaking of the enormous numbers of the common cow-bird, or *Molothrus pecoris*, in his neighborhood, refers to a certain flight supposed to have been about 12,000 yards in length, six yards wide, and probably over a yard deep, and estimates the number contained in it to be from nine to ten millions. A flock of one or two thousand of these birds is very common, generally mixed with the *Xanthornus icterocephalus*, and to some extent with the red-winged blackbird.

The alleged fact that oxalic acid can be administered with impunity to dogs is explained by Dr. Pfeiffer by the statement that the stomach and intestines of dogs generally contain considerable quantities of phosphate of lime, which, combining with the acid, furnishes oxalate of lime—a non-poisonous substance.

Professor Leidy has lately identified certain specimens of bones sent to him from the loess of Muscatine, Iowa, as belonging to the woodland reindeer of North America. At first these were supposed to be undescribed, and were called provisionally *Cervus muscatinensis*.

The usual annual business session of the National Academy of Sciences convened in Washington on the 15th of April, and adjourned on the 18th, after a four days' session. The number of persons in attendance was not quite equal to that of the preceding year, amounting to thirty-eight instead of fifty. Many interesting and important papers were, however, presented, as also a number of reports from committees, some of them appointed in behalf of the government. Four new members were elected, namely, Professor Cleveland Abbe, of the Signal Service, Washington; Dr. W. G. Farlow, botanist, of Cambridge; Professor J. W. Gibbs, of Yale College; and Dr. Horatio C. Wood, of Philadelphia.

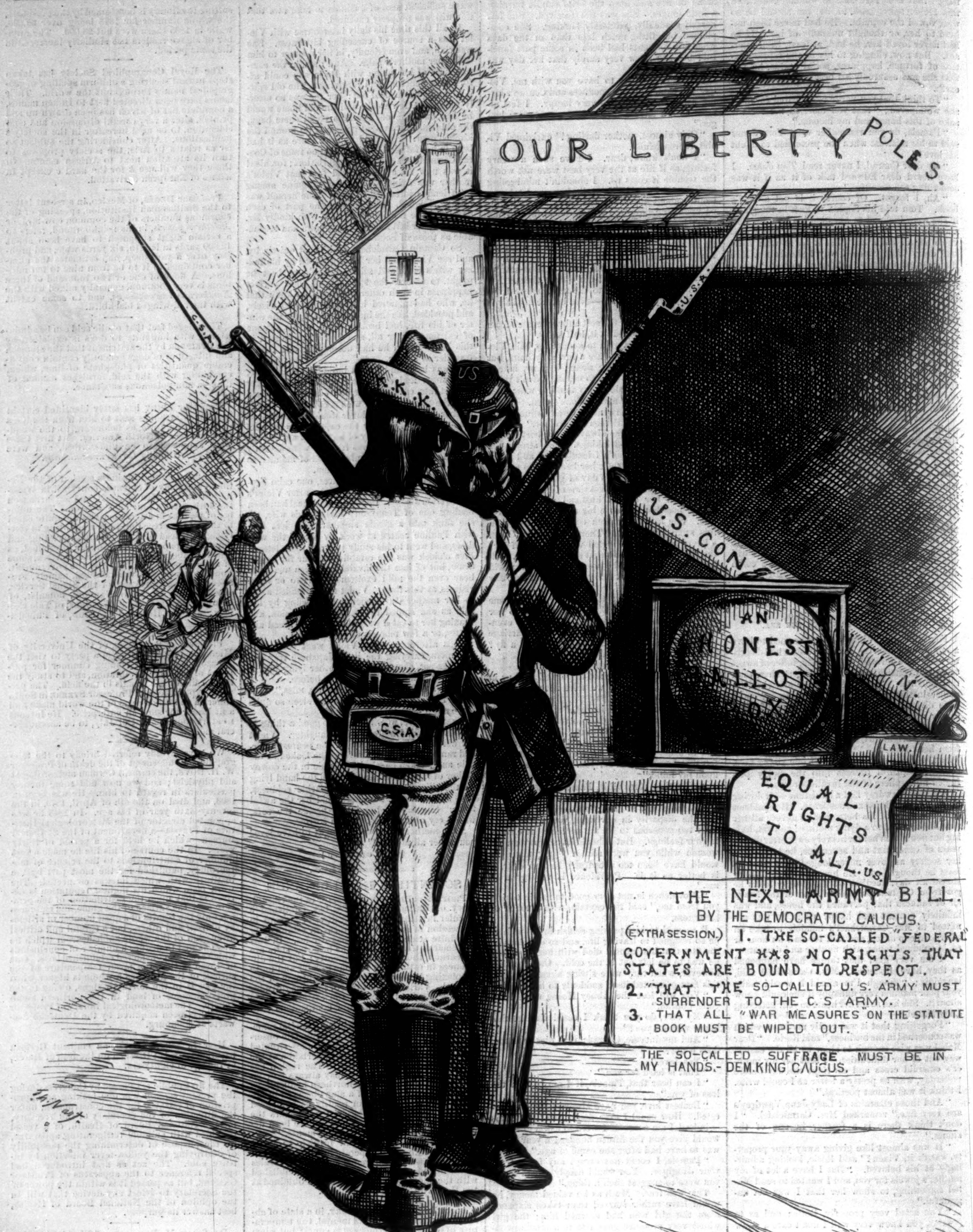
Professor J. B. Steere, of the University of Michigan, proposes to form a party to visit the Amazon during the coming summer for purposes of scientific exploration, and to study the animal life of the Brazils in the field. The previous explorations of Professor Steere in South America and other parts of the world make him a fit leader for such an enterprise. He intends to start about the 1st of July, to be absent several months.

We have already referred briefly to the telegraphic announcement of the death of Professor W. H. Dové, the eminent German meteorologist and physicist; and we now add some further particulars in regard to him. He was born in 1803, and died on the 6th of April, 1879, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. In 1848 he was appointed director of the Meteorological Institute of Prussia—a department of the Statistical Bureau—which he held for a period of thirty years. In the course of his life he made a vast number of contributions to the science of meteorology, published for the most part by the institute with which he was connected. The work from which his highest reputation is derived is that upon the distribution of temperature over the surface of the globe, and embraces not only the results of a great number of articles by himself and others, but a careful and critical discussion of the whole subject, from which he was enabled to deduce a number of conclusions which are now considered established laws. One of these is that the mean temperature of the surface of the globe as a whole is higher when the sun is in the northern signs, owing to the preponderance of land in the northern hemisphere. The meteorological library of Professor Dové has been acquired by the Deutsche Seewarte at Hamburg.

Herr L. Reichenbach, an eminent German naturalist, died at Dresden on the 18th of March, at the age of eighty-six.

The first public act passed by Congress during the present session was one making an appropriation of $200,000 for the construction, under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury, for the National Board of Health, of a vessel provided with suitable refrigerating apparatus, for the purpose of determining the possibility of destroying the yellow-fever infection by intense cold. The act as first introduced had special reference to the apparatus of Professor Gamgee, but as passed it is within the power of the Secretary to select any device that will, in the opinion of the National Board of Health, best answer its purpose.

Dr. Swan M. Burnett, of Washington, has recently made some examinations for the purpose of ascertaining whether the negro in this country is affected with color-blindness to the same degree as the white race. He has examined 3050 colored children, from six to eighteen years of age, in the public schools of the District of Columbia, of whom 1359 were males and 1691 females. Of these, twenty-two boys were color-blind (or 1.6 per cent.), and two girls (or 0.11 per cent.). The percentage of color-blindness among the whites in an aggregate of about 40,000 examinations is 3 per cent. for males, and 0.26 for females. The negro appears, therefore, to be less liable to this defect than the white race. The examinations were made in strict accordance with the plan proposed by Professor Holmgren, of Upsala, Sweden, and used so extensively in making similar examinations in Europe.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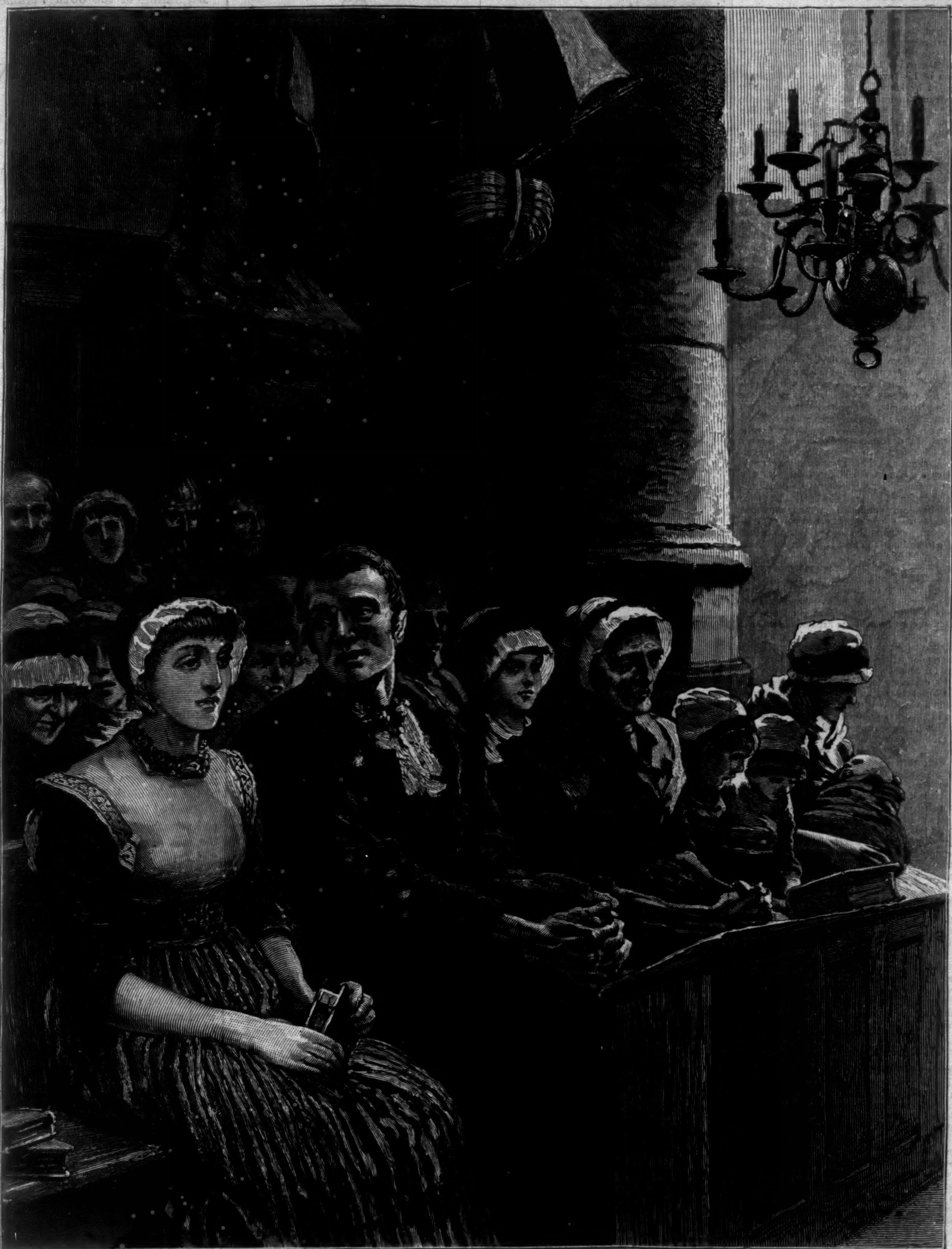

"FISHER-FOLK IN CHURCH."—From a Painting by G. Clausen.

WHIMSICALITIES.

There are few people who have not some particular trait more strongly developed in them than it is in their fellow-beings. Characters are not like candles, shaped in certain-sized moulds. They have all their differing personalities, their private little foibles. Through the woof of our mental or moral texture runs a thread of originality which renders the pattern of each distinctive and inimitable. No two are alike. The mark that is so apparent in one may be lacking in the next, but in its place is visible an impress of another kind. What one man treasures may be to his neighbor rubbish fit only for the dust-hole. It is curious to observe the eccentric forms which the individualities of many take. The strongest-minded have ofttimes a vein of superstition hidden away behind their iron nerves. The most practical and hard-headed blush in conscious knowledge of a soft spot of romantic sentiment. An intellect high in attainments and rich in culture may touch the level of commonplace by means of a simple, almost childish idiosyncrasy. The following examples will serve as illustrations of the foregoing remarks:

Mr. R—— is a thorough man of business, prompt, exact, and punctual, yet possessing a heart that beats with generous sympathy, and a hand that knows how to give liberally. His donations to charities are munificent; and many a care-burdened soul, many a troubled mind, owes to him a gratitude too deep for utterance. His peculiarity—which, however, leans greatly to the side of a virtue—consists in an economical regard for string and paper. He positively winces as though from bodily pain when he sees a thoughtless urchin pull out his knife in order to solve the Gordian knot. No string must be cut. It must be carefully untied. He is politeness itself to fellow-passengers in railway carriages if he perceives them angrily tugging at the entangled ligature of parcel or packet. He blandly proffers his own assistance to aid in the unravelment, and smiling satisfaction beams from his kindly countenance as the obstinate knots yield to the touch of his patient fingers. His pockets contain an odd assortment of twine of every length, quality, and description. Any piece that has been discarded and cast aside he instantly secures and adds to his hoard. Equally great is his respect for paper. He tears off the unsoiled half sheets of letters sent to him, and uses them for his own private correspondence, and is equally careful concerning the brown paper he receives as a cover to parcels. While liberal in many matters, he thus shows his prudently economic habits.

My friend B——, now, exhibits a peculiarity of a totally different type. He is a hale, hearty old fellow of sixty odd years, and his strength and vigor he attributes to the constant and copious use of cold water. "See the fruits of it!" he exclaims, baring his muscular arm. "All my life

I've drunk it and bathed in it; and there's not a sounder constitution than mine in all the three kingdoms." He has never had an illness; he has never had to pay a doctor's bill for himself. Rheumatism, gout, and neuralgia are maladies to him unknown. He once had a slight, a very slight cold, which he ascribes to an unwise infraction of his favorite principle. Being over-persuaded by his wife's fears, he, one intensely frosty January morning, took his matutinal douche somewhat tepid. "And the result of that foolish act, Sir," he said, irefully, to me, when I condoled with him on the unprecedented misfortune of a sneeze, "is this confounded influenza. No, Sir, no; no more warm baths for me. It was the first, and it shall be the last. I stick to my old colors closer than ever." And he does, too, and carries his theory so thoroughly into practice that when staying at a small inn in the country his daily plunge was taken in an ice-bound stream, he having first to go through the preliminary operation of breaking the ice. He endeavors earnestly but unsuccessfully to make a convert of me. I candidly admit the truth and force of his arguments; I honestly admire him as a sample of the excellence of his doctrine; but I greatly fear that my nature is not sufficiently Spartan to allow me to become a worthy and creditable disciple.

There's J——, again, is never happy unless he is dosing himself. He is neither more nor less than a species of animated medicine-chest. He goes through a regular course of drug-taking. So many pills before going to bed, so many after getting up, so many before, so many after meals. When dinner is finished, out comes a large pill-box, in the contents of which all his guests are asked to participate. Then he has especially potent draughts and particularly recommended drops to be taken at certain intervals. Every day he makes a careful examination of himself—takes note of the action of his pulse, observes the color of his tongue, and closely scans the appearance of his eyes. Should the state of these organs prove unsatisfactory, there ensues an *extra*-ordinary absorption of doctors' stuff. Really, to see one man heroically swallowing so many nauseous compounds gives one uneasy qualms of conscience, and provokes the inward query whether an offer to assist in the task is not an obligation entailed by friendship.

Mrs. L—— is a charming woman, moderately young, and sufficiently attractive. But she is in a state of complete comfort only when her house is undergoing a putting in order. A spring cleaning sees her in her glory. Then her little idiosyncrasy has a fair field for expansion; and the amount of actual labor as well as vigilant superintendence which she succeeds in accomplishing would render a less energetic person limp and useless for a month. She does not, however, confine her exertions to one particular season; the smallest pretext is seized upon as a sufficient excuse for a vigorous battle with ever-encroaching dust and ever-invading dirt; and floors are uncovered, windows undraped, and sweeping, scrubbing, rubbing, and polishing are the *mots d'ordre* of the day. Her carpets are worn out less from hard wear than hard brushing. A duster is to her hands a more familiar implement of industry than a needle. Cleanliness that is spotless, brightness that is dazzling, distinguish every corner and every article over which she exercises control.

A very worthy individual is my neighbor L——, and with sound enough views on most matters; but his common-sense utterly deserts him when it encounters the subject of taxes. Government, the army, the navy, the police force, and various other expensive institutions of the British Empire which have to be supported by a levy on the nation are to most people facts plain and palpable. None the less, however, do they fail to reconcile him to the frequently recurring demands of the collectors of taxes and rates. After a fashion of his own, he is a loyal subject, and would make an annual free-will offering of a hundred-pound check to his sovereign did he think the royal exchequer required enriching. But to be *compelled* to disburse a tenth part of that sum provokes him to unwonted demonstrations of ill nature. His unreasonableness is quite amusing.

THE CITY AMBULANCE.

BEFORE the introduction of ambulances in connection with our city hospitals, persons who met with severe accidents in the street, which disabled them from walking, were often put in peril of life by the rough means used for their conveyance to a place where they could have surgical treatment. They were laid on a truck, or in an express wagon, and jolted over the rough pavements with little regard to their sufferings by the way. Sometimes it would have been better to let the unfortunate patient die where he was than to attempt to remove him in this barbarous manner.

The well-appointed ambulance service has changed all this. There is a sufficient number of ambulance stations in the city to make it practicable to summon one of these easy and comfortable conveyances within a few minutes, by telegraph, to any place where a serious accident has occurred. Experienced and capable attendants place the sufferer quietly, and without causing needless pain, upon a stretcher, which is then lifted into the ambulance, and the drive to the hospital inflicts no additional torture upon the bruised or lacerated limbs.

The ambulance of which we give an illustration on page 425 is intended for the use of sufferers of the human species only. Mr. BERGH has had ambulances of another form constructed for the conveyance of sick or disabled animals through our streets, thereby proving himself a friend not only to dumb animals, but to all persons of humane sensibilities, who can not witness with indifference the needless infliction of pain upon creatures that can not protest against cruel usage.

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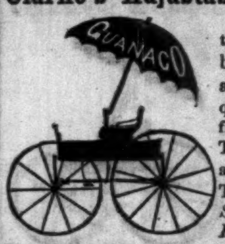

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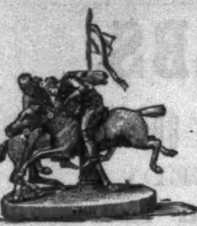

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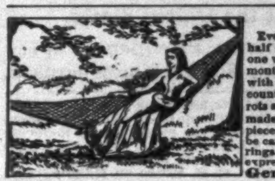

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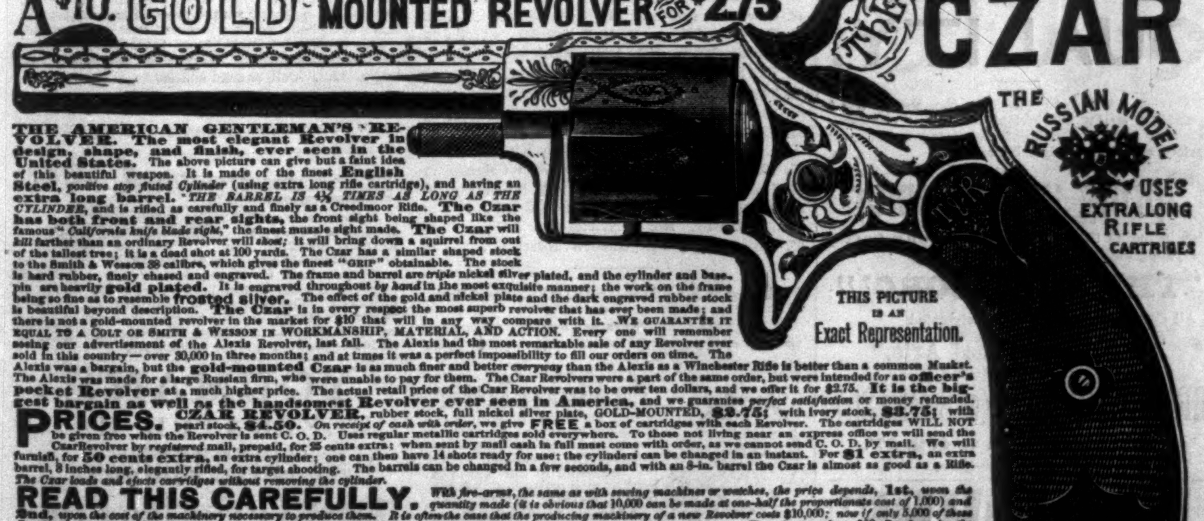
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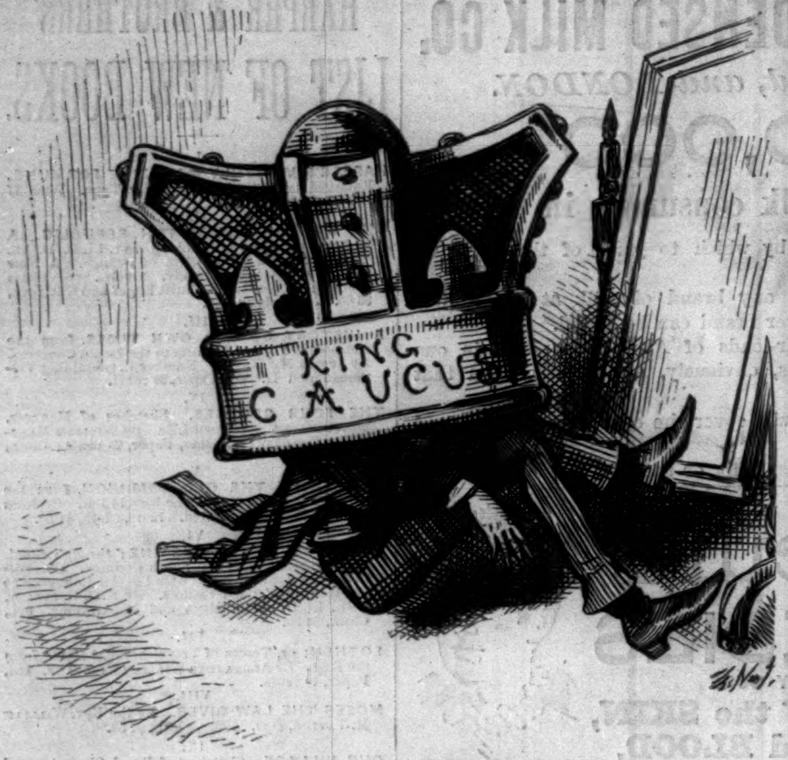

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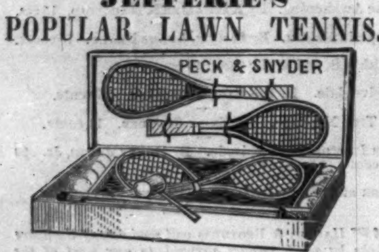

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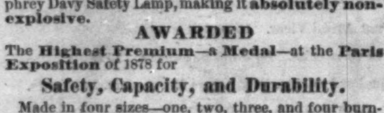
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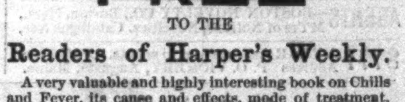

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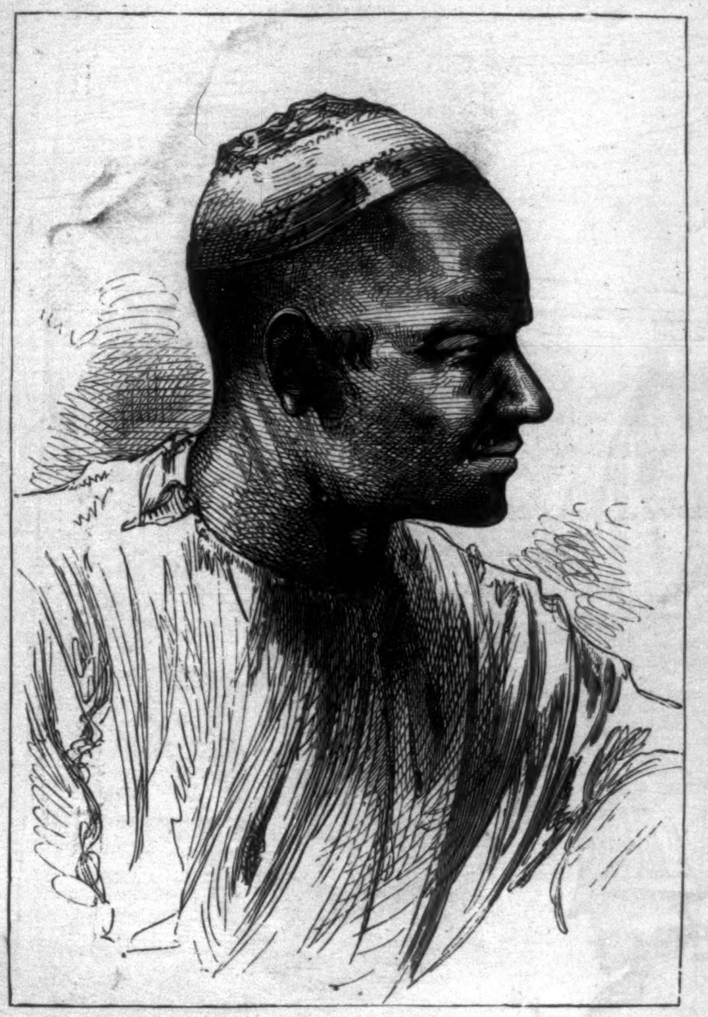
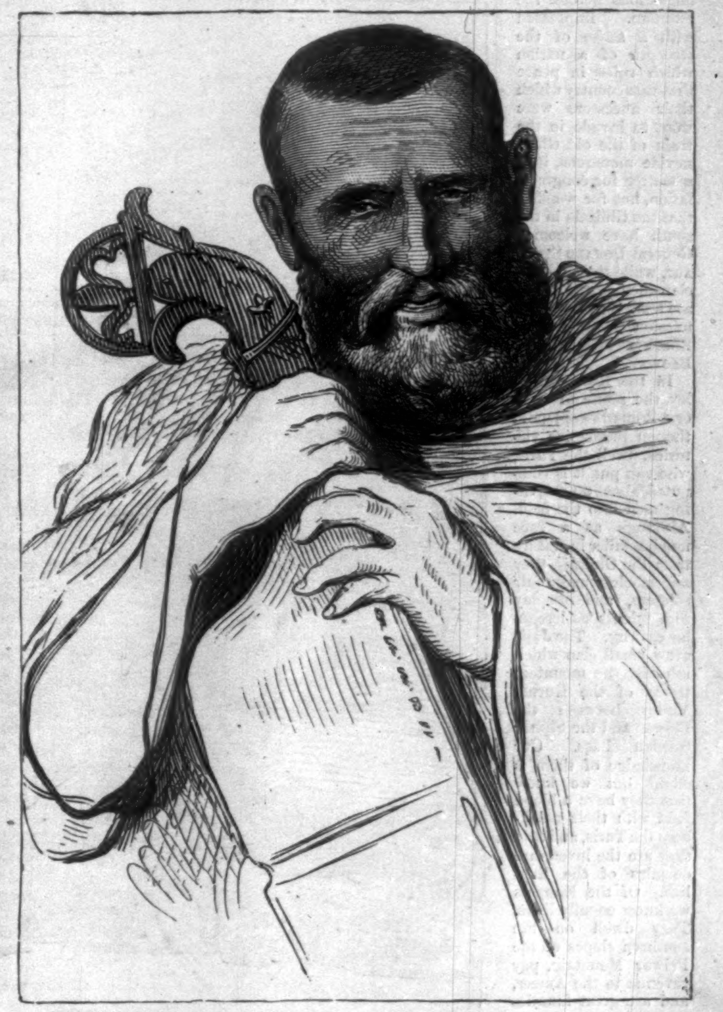


ZOOL KUDDAR, AN ADAM KHEL AFREEDI.



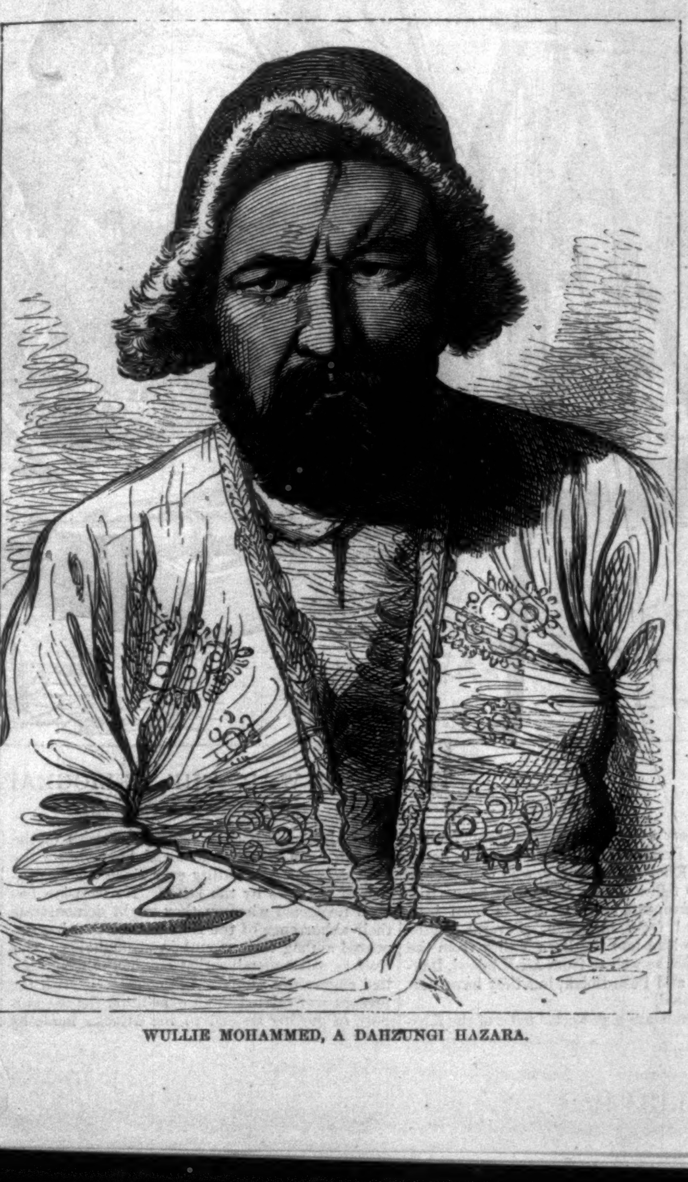
POZAI KHAN, A SHINWARI MUSICIAN.

AFGHAN TRIBES.

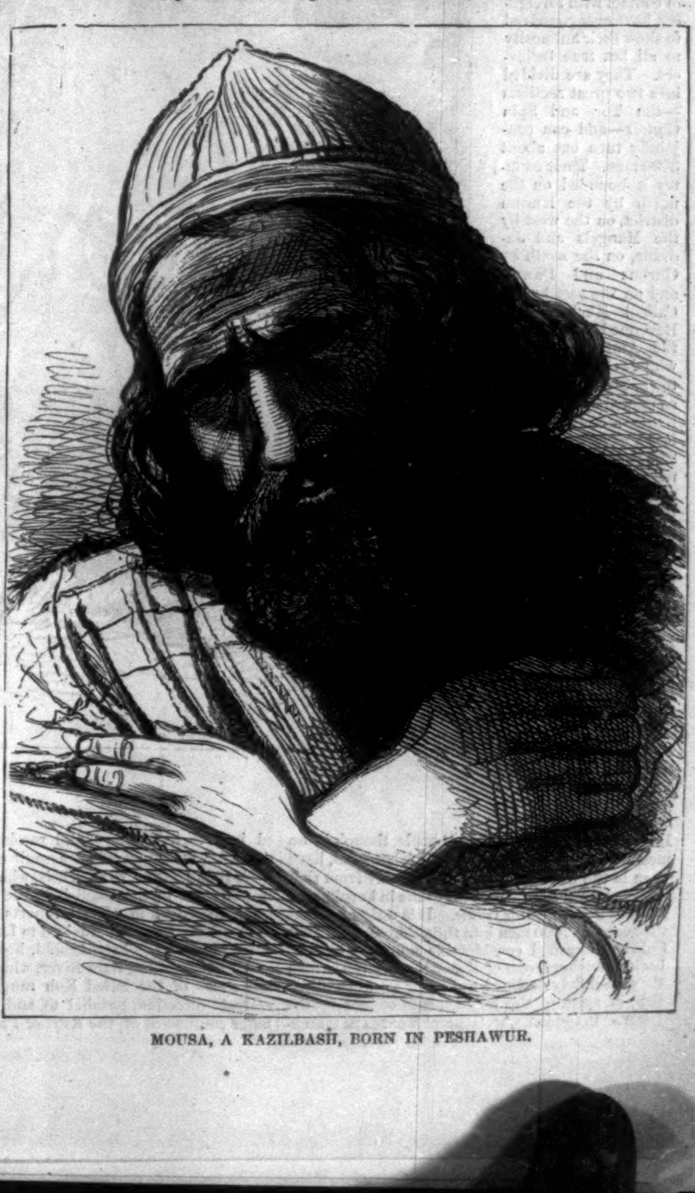
THE tribes of Afghanistan may be separated into three great divisions—the Afghan or Pooshtoo-speaking clans; the Tajaks, Hazara, and Kazilbashis, who speak Persian; and the Hindkis and Jats, whose language is a dialect of Hindoostanee. Of these the Afghans, or Pooshtoo-speaking tribes, are the most numerous, and they may again be divided into the nomad and fixed clans. The former, generally speaking, dwell in Khorasan, the latter in Cabool. They belong to the Sunni sect of Mohammedans, and observe all the fasts and other ceremonies pertaining to that religion, together with many that savor strongly of Jewish origin. Although they profess to be very strict followers of the Prophet, as a race they never scruple to act in opposition to his tenets, if by doing so they can best serve their own interests. In some clans they have but a vague idea of the forms and customs of Islamism. For instance, in the Dawas Valley, circumcision is unknown, while in most parts of the country it is incumbent on a man to marry his deceased brother's widow. This custom provokes many bloody feuds, and it is no uncommon thing to find an Afghan serving in one of the native regiments of British India who declines to return home on account of the fate that he knows is waiting for him. The principal Afghan tribes are the Duranis, who inhabit the provinces of Candahar and Herat; the Ghilzais, Turis, Shinwaris, and Momunds, who dwell in Cabool proper. There are, again, numerous clans who inhabit the mountains between the outer circle of tribes who skirt the borders of British India and the more settled tribes of Afghanistan proper; of these the best known are the Bajawaris, Ningraharis, Kunars, Zaemuckts, Turis, Jajis, Mangals, Jadrans, Gurbuz, and Khostwals.

The Duranis are, perhaps, the most powerful of the Afghan tribes. They inhabit a large tract between Herat and Candahar, and number upward of three-quarters of a million. Their lands are held on a military tenure; and the ruling family at Cabool being Duranis by birth, the head of the nation is considered their immediate chief, and is able to rule them more effectively than he can the other tribes. Every plough in the Durani lands has to furnish one horseman for the king's service—a system that was regularly enforced up to the reign of DOST MOHAMMED. The poorer people live in tents, which usually surround the walled residence of their chiefs. Each section is ruled over by a sirdar, who is nominally and actually responsible to the Ameer for the conduct of his people. Although very observant of all religious ceremonies—no camp being without its moolah, or priest—they are very tolerant of all other sects. As a rule they are peaceably disposed, and have no internecine feuds like the other Afghan tribes. The consequence is that the only opportunities they have for showing their military qualities are in national wars, and their reputation for soldier-like qualities stands very high. All travellers in Afghanistan speak well of the Duranis, who are credited with more spirit, bravery, and civilization than the other tribes of the country. Being of the ruling race, they comport themselves with more dignity, and are extremely devoted to their homes. Candahar is for them invested with a halo of superstition; thither they carry the bodies of all their great men.

The Ghilzais are a tribe which muster from 300,000 to 400,000, and they dwell in the south-eastern portion of Afghanistan. Subdivided into many clans, some of them have fixed habitations, while others are nomads. Many of their clans, numbering several thousands of souls, annually traverse the Suliman Mountains, and carry their wares into the heart of Hindostan. Their wives and children are left encamped in the Derajat, safe within the cordon of British outposts, while the male members prosecute their mission, so that the tribe is well acquainted with the conquerors of the Punjab. The old men, women, and children being disposed of within British territory, the wealthier merchants find their way with their wares to the farthest corners of India to sell the produce of Afghanistan, which consists chiefly of wool, madder, asafœtida, fruit, and horses. In the spring they return, laden with English merchandise, fire-arms, gunpowder, tea, Manchester goods, quinine, and other articles of repute in the Cabool bazars. As a race they are fine stalwart men, capable of undergoing great hardship and fatigue. They rarely if ever enlist into the English service, but of their soldier-like qualities ample proof is given by the manner in which they force their way through the Vaziri country. The Ghilzais are in many instances admirers of English rule. The correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from the Afghan frontier at the beginning of the present war, says of them: "They are not like the Duranis or Shinwaris, Khostwals or Kakars, men who have never travelled from their homes, who have never seen the face of an Englishman, and who, stirred up by their moolahs, believe salvation easily attainable through the death of an unbeliever. The Ghilzais, though wild and untutored, are gallant soldier-merchants, with a just appreciation of the power of the British, learned during their annual



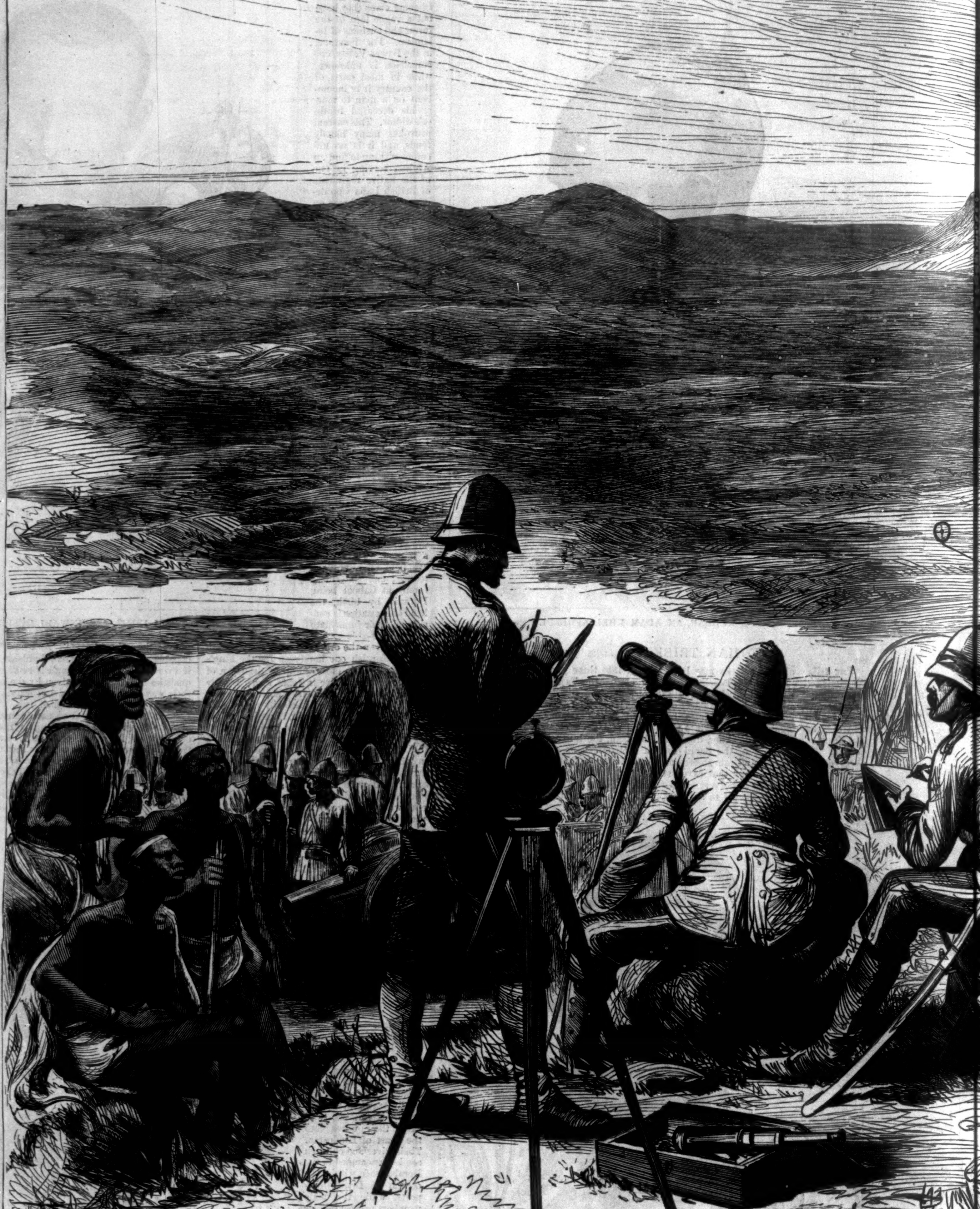
WULLIE MOHAMMED, A DAHZUNGI HAZARA.



MOUSA, A KAZILBASH, BORN IN PESHAWUR.

migrations across the Suliman. Impressed with a sense of the strength of a nation which rules in peace that vast country which their ancestors were wont to invade in the train of the old Ghaznevide monarchs, it is a matter for congratulation, not for wonder, that the Ghilzais in the south have welcomed General **Donald Stewart**, while their fellow-clansmen in the north are tendering their submission to General **Roberts** and Sir S. **Browne**."

In the Kurum Valley, the scene of General **Roberts**'s splendid though ineffective victories, dwell the Turis, who can put, it is computed, about 6000 fighting men into the field. Although as a race much smaller in stature than the Ghilzais, they nevertheless make fair soldiers, and display rare talents as irregular cavalry. The Jajis are a small clan which inhabits the mountain tracts of the Kurum Valley between the Peiwar and the Shutar Gardan Pass. Our knowledge of them is slight, but we know that they have a blood feud with their neighbors the Turis, and that they are the inveterate enemies of the English. Of the Mangals we know equally little. They dwell on the southern slopes of the Peiwar Mountain, pay revenue to the Ameer, and are great fanatics in religious matters. It is said they can put 5000 men into the field. The Jadrans own the country to the south of the Mangals and north of the Vaziris; they are Shiahs and notorious robbers. Khost is a large mountainous district, of which but little is known; it is peopled by Mohammedans of the Shiah persuasion, who, though they have been brought but little in contact with foreigners, have ever contrived to show their animosity to all but true believers. They are divided into two great sections—the Tor and Spin Gundis—and can conjointly turn out about 3000 men. Their country is bounded on the north by the Kurum district, on the west by the Mangals and Jadrans, on the south by Gurbuz and Dawar, and on the east by the Cabool Khel Vaziris. Revenue is collected by the Ameer's Viceroy, who dwells in the chief town, Sirkar ke Killa, so named by the inhabitants merely because it is a government fort. The people are very fanatical, and are constantly engaged in religious disputes, which are much fomented by a disciple of the late Akhoond of Swat, who has settled in Lakan, one of the largest villages in the district. For some years he has busied himself in preaching a religious war against the English of the Punjab.



THE ZULU WAR—THE HELIOGRAPH AT WORK, F

The Shinwaris form one of the principal tribes of the Khyber Pass, dwelling on the northern slope of the Safed Koh and in the Bajawar Mountains. These people, though by no means devoted to the Ameer of Afghanistan, have been in the habit of receiving a subsidy from that ruler in return for the part they take in keeping the Khyber Pass open for traffic. It is estimated that they can put 7000 men into the field. In 1872 the Shinwaris earned considerable notoriety by harboring the murderers of Major **Macdonald**, whom they resolutely declined to deliver up to the English, in spite of the inducements offered by the latter. In the last war, General **Monteath** marched into their territory, and resolutely punished them for an unprovoked assault on the post of Pesh-Bolak. The Zaka Khels, who have been so troublesome to the English in the Khyber, have been described in official reports as occupying the territory from Ali-Musjeed to Lalabeg. Their chief residence and stronghold, however, is in the upper valley of the Bara River, which, rising from the spurs of the Safed Koh range, flows in an easterly direction, parallel to, and ten to fifteen miles southward of, the Khyber Pass, and enters British territory at Bara Fort, about eight miles southwest of Peshawur. This district, the home of the Zaka Khel robber tribes, who can muster 6000 or 7000 fighting men, has never been visited by any European, and has always been jealously guarded from intrusion. Several passes are known to lead into the Bara Valley from the British frontier, as well as from Ali-Musjeed, Dakka, Basawal, and Pesh-Bolak, but they have never been explored.

The Momunds are a powerful tribe of the Khyber, and having been inveterate enemies of the English from time immemorial, have shown the most determined hostility ever since the occupation of the pass by the latter. No occasion has been neglected whereon they might demonstrate their abhorrence of the foreign race that has appeared among their mountain strongholds. Our readers will remember that one of the most spirited engravings published in connection with the present war related to an expedition for the purpose of putting an end to the attacks made by the Momunds upon the roops
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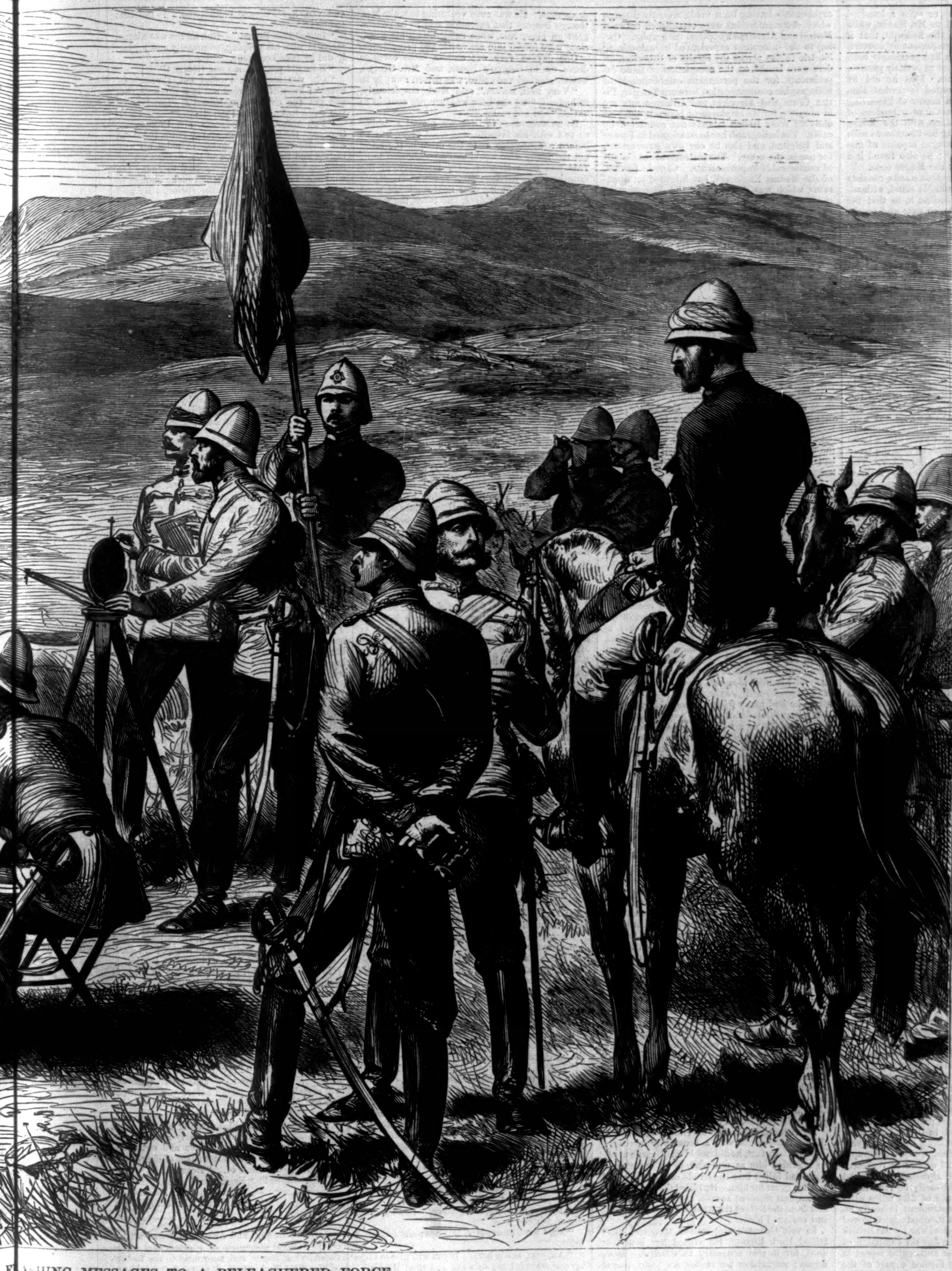

F ASHING MESSAGES TO A BELEAGUERED FORCE.

the roops stationed in the ple, wh are to a great ex- s, f n large and powerful n 15,00 o 20,000 men into fu e for the most part of ese weapons being of e. s ll section of the n Br h territory to the south awu but the main portion the rthwest of that canton- aboo an the Swat rivers; a remnant has emigrated to Candahar, and there are many settlers in Ningrahar and Logur. They are among the most savage of all Pathan tribes.

We have thus sketched briefly the more important facts relating to some of the principal tribes of Afghanistan. On the first page of our Supplement our readers will find a group of portraits representing members of certain of these clans. **Wullie Mohammed**, a Dahzungi Hazara, belongs to the Hazara country, west of Cabool, the population of which is well known to show a strong Tartar type. This is evident in this man's face. He has served fifteen years as a muleteer in the Guides, and Colonel **Jenkins**, of the English army in India, gives him a good character for being a hard worker, and honest, as well as "never causing bother." He was in the Jowaki campaign; but the mark on his head was not received in war, but is the result of a kick from a horse. **Pozai Khan** is a Shinwari, and a Mohammedan. The artist to whom we are indebted for the portraits says in connection with him: "The theory that there are people in the country descended from the Greeks, who came to this region after the time of **Alexander**, is based principally on the existence of tribes as well as individuals with fair hair and blue eyes. The principal tribes of the kind are in Kafiristan, where they are usually not Mohammedans. But this man, **Pozai Khan**, does not belong to Kafiristan; he is a Shinwari, and a Mohammedan. He was described as 'Komb Bandar,' but what these words meant could not be clearly made out. He, as well as one of the men with him, had a guitar; they were evidently strolling musicians. His mustache and beard were very light and fair, so that one would have mistaken him for 'a fair-haired German;' his eyes were of a bright clear blue color, and his skin was very fair. That he was most probably a Russian in disguise was one of the many suggestions made about him. But a man with a very fair mustache and blue eyes is not a likely person to be sent to this part of the world as a spy." **Zool Kuddar** is an Adam Khel Afreedi. Scriptural names are very common among the Afghans, and this man belongs, as his name implies, to the Clan Adam. The Arabs say, when they wish to express the thought that all men have one common origin, or that there is but one family of men having a common father, "Are we not all of the Beni Adam?" that is, children of **Adam**. This tribal name would, however, seem by implication to refute the truth of the Arab proverb. We learn in regard to the portrait of **Mousa**, a Kazilbash, or "Red-head," born in Peshawur, that "some one gave this man the name of **Yusuf**, or **Joseph**, from the many patches of color on his coat. He objected, saying that his name was not **Yusuf**, but **Mousa**, or **Moses**. He says he was born in Peshawur, and has traded from that to Cabool. He was at one time a prosperous man in the wood business, but he has had reverses, and is now a poor man. He is at present employed with others levelling the mounds in the fort at Jelalabad."

THE HELIOGRAPH.

This remarkable instrument is designed for the transmission of intelligence from one elevated point of country to another by the reflection of the sun's rays. The idea is no new one. For centuries the rays of the sun have been utilized for signaling purposes. It is said that the fleet of **Alexander** the Great was guided along the Persian Gulf by means of mirrors. Our own Indians carry on signaling by means of sun flashes, and the Russians adopted a similar method at the siege of Sevastopol. In a climate where sunlight is capricious, such a system is not, of course, available at all times, but in more tropical countries its utility is obvious. In England, however, notoriously the land of clouds and mist, an instrument has for years been in use in surveying, called the heliostat. Through its means triangles with sides over a hundred miles in length have been accurately laid down by the Ordnance Survey of the United Kingdom.

The heliograph, at present used chiefly in warfare, is the invention of Mr. **Henry C. Mance**, of what is known in Great Britain as the Government Persian Gulf Telegraph Department, the possibility of such an instrument having been suggested to him by observation of the heliostat. In the latter a plain mirror, employed as a reflector, may be adjusted to any position with the utmost nicety, and, by the aid of a theodolite in expert hands, or of a certain arrangement of telescopes, its reflected flash of light can be directed with the utmost precision and with complete